

Hogs Bring Record Prices at Stockyards; Off-Train Weights From Lamont Command \$17.85

Deliveries Brought in by Wagon Near the Top List. Shipment to Eastern Packing Houses—Production Spurred by Increasing Prices Throughout Edmonton District.

[illegible]

**DRUGGISTS DISCUSS
FACTORY ACT WITH
DEPUTY ATTY.-GENL.**

Operation of Law Will Be Con-
sidered at Pharmaceutical
Society's Meeting

**PROGRAM OF
COMING U.F.A.
CONVENTION**

delegation from the Edmonton
ruggists walked on the Edmonton
factory general, A. C. Browning,
and the delegation from the
in an interpretation of the Factory
act it affected them, and they
as might be enforced against them.
The delegation from the
it was decided to appoint a com-
mittee to look into the matter and
other parts of the province in the
convention to be held in Calgary
amendment. As was pointed out, this
was a matter of great importance
understanding that if a separate
union was formed in the province,
the delegates agreed
to the fact that the
to the fact that the
to the fact that the
to the fact that the

Tuesday, January 22
10 a.m.—General opening of the convention. Invocation. Addresses of welcome. His Honor, the Mayor of Calgary, the Hon. the Chief Justice, premier of Alberta; His Worship the Mayor of Calgary. Appointment of the committee on credentials. Annual address of the president.

1:30 p.m.—Luncheon on the work of the

U. F. W. A. by Mrs. Walter Pawley, president. Report of the board of directors of the report of the secretary. Auditor's report. Report of the legislative committee. Report of the committee on the committee. 8 p.m.—Social entertainment under the auspices of the city of Calgary and the board of trade.

Wednesday, January 23

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Mr. J. LARRY MURRAY, president of the U. S. Lumbermen's Association, writes the news item, "The new brood of lumbermen." Mr. Murray is a native of South, a railway man who is last heard from in Edmonton.

THE LARRY MURRAY
U. S. LUMBERMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Mr. J. LARRY MURRAY, sister of Pto. Larry Murray, received word yesterday that the new brood of lumbermen is forming at Dulmen, Westphalia. The

came through the British section of the International Society for Prisoners of War.

1:30 a.m.—Paper. What the rural schools can do, with particular reference to hot lunches, by a rural school teacher.

11 a.m.—Discussion on rural school work, led by Mrs. Harritt.

2 p.m.—Address, Work of the Alberta Social Service League, Rev. A.

KIDNEY

PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURE

will be held at which addresses will be given by leading public men. Special arrangements are being made for the care of children so that the mothers will be free to attend the sessions and at the same time know

that the little ones are being well looked after.

The Morning Bulletin

Published every day, morning by the Bulletin Company, Limited, at the Bulletin Press, 1000-1001, 1002-1003, 1004-1005, 1006-1007, 1008-1009, 1010-1011, 1012-1013, 1014-1015, 1016-1017, 1018-1019, 1020-1021, 1022-1023, 1024-1025, 1026-1027, 1028-1029, 1030-1031, 1032-1033, 1034-1035, 1036-1037, 1038-1039, 1040-1041, 1042-1043, 1044-1045, 1046-1047, 1048-1049, 1050-1051, 1052-1053, 1054-1055, 1056-1057, 1058-1059, 1060-1061, 1062-1063, 1064-1065, 1066-1067, 1068-1069, 1070-1071, 1072-1073, 1074-1075, 1076-1077, 1078-1079, 1080-1081, 1082-1083, 1084-1085, 1086-1087, 1088-1089, 1090-1091, 1092-1093, 1094-1095, 1096-1097, 1098-1099, 1100-1101, 1102-1103, 1104-1105, 1106-1107, 1108-1109, 1110-1111, 1112-1113, 1114-1115, 1116-1117, 1118-1119, 1120-1121, 1122-1123, 1124-1125, 1126-1127, 1128-1129, 1130-1131, 1132-1133, 1134-1135, 1136-1137, 1138-1139, 1140-1141, 1142-1143, 1144-1145, 1146-1147, 1148-1149, 1150-1151, 1152-1153, 1154-1155, 1156-1157, 1158-1159, 1160-1161, 1162-1163, 1164-1165, 1166-1167, 1168-1169, 1170-1171, 1172-1173, 1174-1175, 1176-1177, 1178-1179, 1180-1181, 1182-1183, 1184-1185, 1186-1187, 1188-1189, 1190-1191, 1192-1193, 1194-1195, 1196-1197, 1198-1199, 1200-1201, 1202-1203, 1204-1205, 1206-1207, 1208-1209, 1210-1211, 1212-1213, 1214-1215, 1216-1217, 1218-1219, 1220-1221, 1222-1223, 1224-1225, 1226-1227, 1228-1229, 1230-1231, 1232-1233, 1234-1235, 1236-1237, 1238-1239, 1240-1241, 1242-1243, 1244-1245, 1246-1247, 1248-1249, 1250-1251, 1252-1253, 1254-1255, 1256-1257, 1258-1259, 1260-1261, 1262-1263, 1264-1265, 1266-1267, 1268-1269, 1270-1271, 1272-1273, 1274-1275, 1276-1277, 1278-1279, 1280-1281, 1282-1283, 1284-1285, 1286-1287, 1288-1289, 1290-1291, 1292-1293, 1294-1295, 1296-1297, 1298-1299, 1300-1301, 1302-1303, 1304-1305, 1306-1307, 1308-1309, 1310-1311, 1312-1313, 1314-1315, 1316-1317, 1318-1319, 1320-1321, 1322-1323, 1324-1325, 1326-1327, 1328-1329, 1330-1331, 1332-1333, 1334-1335, 1336-1337, 1338-1339, 1340-1341, 1342-1343, 1344-1345, 1346-1347, 1348-1349, 1350-1351, 1352-1353, 1354-1355, 1356-1357, 1358-1359, 1360-1361, 1362-1363, 1364-1365, 1366-1367, 1368-1369, 1370-1371, 1372-1373, 1374-1375, 1376-1377, 1378-1379, 1380-1381, 1382-1383, 1384-1385, 1386-1387, 1388-1389, 1390-1391, 1392-1393, 1394-1395, 1396-1397, 1398-1399, 1400-1401, 1402-1403, 1404-1405, 1406-1407, 1408-1409, 1410-1411, 1412-1413, 1414-1415, 1416-1417, 1418-1419, 1420-1421, 1422-1423, 1424-1425, 1426-1427, 1428-1429, 1430-1431, 1432-1433, 1434-1435, 1436-1437, 1438-1439, 1440-1441, 1442-1443, 1444-1445, 1446-1447, 1448-1449, 1450-1451, 1452-1453, 1454-1455, 1456-1457, 1458-1459, 1460-1461, 1462-1463, 1464-1465, 1466-1467, 1468-1469, 1470-1471, 1472-1473, 1474-1475, 1476-1477, 1478-1479, 1480-1481, 1482-1483, 1484-1485, 1486-1487, 1488-1489, 1490-1491, 1492-1493, 1494-1495, 1496-1497, 1498-1499, 1500-1501, 1502-1503, 1504-1505, 1506-1507, 1508-1509, 1510-1511, 1512-1513, 1514-1515, 1516-1517, 1518-1519, 1520-1521, 1522-1523, 1524-1525, 1526-1527, 1528-1529, 1530-1531, 1532-1533, 1534-1535, 1536-1537, 1538-1539, 1540-1541, 1542-1543, 1544-1545, 1546-1547, 1548-1549, 1550-1551, 1552-1553, 1554-1555, 1556-1557, 1558-1559, 1560-1561, 1562-1563, 1564-1565, 1566-1567, 1568-1569, 1570-1571, 1572-1573, 1574-1575, 1576-1577, 1578-1579, 1580-1581, 1582-1583, 1584-1585, 1586-1587, 1588-1589, 1590-1591, 1592-1593, 1594-1595, 1596-1597, 1598-1599, 1600-1601, 1602-1603, 1604-1605, 1606-1607, 1608-1609, 1610-1611, 1612-1613, 1614-1615, 1616-1617, 1618-1619, 1620-1621, 1622-1623, 1624-1625, 1626-1627, 1628-1629, 1630-1631, 1632-1633, 1634-1635, 1636-1637, 1638-1639, 1640-1641, 1642-1643, 1644-1645, 1646-1647, 1648-1649, 1650-1651, 1652-1653, 1654-1655, 1656-1657, 1658-1659, 1660-1661, 1662-1663, 1664-1665, 1666-1667, 1668-1669, 1670-1671, 1672-1673, 1674-1675, 1676-1677, 1678-1679, 1680-1681, 1682-1683, 1684-1685, 1686-1687, 1688-1689, 1690-1691, 1692-1693, 1694-1695, 1696-1697, 1698-1699, 1700-1701, 1702-1703, 1704-1705, 1706-1707, 1708-1709, 1710-1711, 1712-1713, 1714-1715, 1716-1717, 1718-1719, 1720-1721, 1722-1723, 1724-1725, 1726-1727, 1728-1729, 1730-1731, 1732-1733, 1734-1735, 1736-1737, 1738-1739, 1740-1741, 1742-1743, 1744-1745, 1746-1747, 1748-1749, 1750-1751, 1752-1753, 1754-1755, 1756-1757, 1758-1759, 1760-1761, 1762-1763, 1764-1765, 1766-1767, 1768-1769, 1770-1771, 1772-1773, 1774-1775, 1776-1777, 1778-1779, 1780-1781, 1782-1783, 1784-1785, 1786-1787, 1788-1789, 1790-1791, 1792-1793, 1794-1795, 1796-1797, 1798-1799, 1800-1801, 1802-1803, 1804-1805, 1806-1807, 1808-1809, 1810-1811, 1812-1813, 1814-1815, 1816-1817, 1818-1819, 1820-1821, 1822-1823, 1824-1825, 1826-1827, 1828-1829, 1830-1831, 1832-1833, 1834-1835, 1836-1837, 1838-1839, 1840-1841, 1842-1843, 1844-1845, 1846-1847, 1848-1849, 1850-1851, 1852-1853, 1854-1855, 1856-1857, 1858-1859, 1860-1861, 1862-1863, 1864-1865, 1866-1867, 1868-1869, 1870-1871, 1872-1873, 1874-1875, 1876-1877, 1878-1879, 1880-1881, 1882-1883, 1884-1885, 1886-1887, 1888-1889, 1890-1891, 1892-1893, 1894-1895, 1896-1897, 1898-1899, 1900-1901, 1902-1903, 1904-1905, 1906-1907, 1908-1909, 1910-1911, 1912-1913, 1914-1915, 1916-1917, 1918-1919, 1920-1921, 1922-1923, 1924-1925, 1926-1927, 1928-1929, 1930-1931, 1932-1933, 1934-1935, 1936-1937, 1938-1939, 1940-1941, 1942-1943, 1944-1945, 1946-1947, 1948-1949, 1950-1951, 1952-1953, 1954-1955, 1956-1957, 1958-1959, 1960-1961, 1962-1963, 1964-1965, 1966-1967, 1968-1969, 1970-1971, 1972-1973, 1974-1975, 1976-1977, 1978-1979, 1980-1981, 1982-1983, 1984-1985, 1986-1987, 1988-1989, 1990-1991, 1992-1993, 1994-1995, 1996-1997, 1998-1999, 2000-2001, 2002-2003, 2004-2005, 2006-2007, 2008-2009, 2010-2011, 2012-2013, 2014-2015, 2016-2017, 2018-2019, 2020-2021, 2022-2023, 2024-2025, 2026-2027, 2028-2029, 2030-2031, 2032-2033, 2034-2035, 2036-2037, 2038-2039, 2040-2041, 2042-2043, 2044-2045, 2046-2047, 2048-2049, 2050-2051, 2052-2053, 2054-2055, 2056-2057, 2058-2059, 2060-2061, 2062-2063, 2064-2065, 2066-2067, 2068-2069, 2070-2071, 2072-2073, 2074-2075, 2076-2077, 2078-2079, 2080-2081, 2082-2083, 2084-2085, 2086-2087, 2088-2089, 2090-2091, 2092-2093, 2094-2095, 2096-2097, 2098-2099, 2100-2101, 2102-2103, 2104-2105, 2106-2107, 2108-2109, 2110-2111, 2112-2113, 2114-2115, 2116-2117, 2118-2119, 2120-2121, 2122-2123, 2124-2125, 2126-2127, 2128-2129, 2130-2131, 2132-2133, 2134-2135, 2136-2137, 2138-2139, 2140-2141, 2142-2143, 2144-2145, 2146-2147, 2148-2149, 2150-2151, 2152-2153, 2154-2155, 2156-2157, 2158-2159, 2160-2161, 2162-2163, 2164-2165, 2166-2167, 2168-2169, 2170-2171, 2172-2173, 2174-2175, 2176-2177, 2178-2179, 2180-2181, 2182-2183, 2184-2185, 2186-2187, 2188-2189, 2190-2191, 2192-2193, 2194-2195, 2196-2197, 2198-2199, 2200-2201, 2202-2203, 2204-2205, 2206-2207, 2208-2209, 2210-2211, 2212-2213, 2214-2215, 2216-2217, 2218-2219, 2220-2221, 2222-2223, 2224-2225, 2226-2227, 2228-2229, 2230-2231, 2232-2233, 2234-2235, 2236-2237, 2238-2239, 2240-2241, 2242-2243, 2244-2245, 2246-2247, 2248-2249, 2250-2251, 2252-2253, 2254-2255, 2256-2257, 2258-2259, 2260-2261, 2262-2263, 2264-2265, 2266-2267, 2268-2269, 2270-2271, 2272-2273, 2274-2275, 2276-2277, 2278-2279, 2280-2281, 2282-2283, 2284-2285, 2286-2287, 2288-2289, 2290-2291, 2292-2293, 2294-2295, 2296-2297, 2298-2299, 2300-2301, 2302-2303, 2304-2305, 2306-2307, 2308-2309, 2310-2311, 2312-2313, 2314-2315, 2316-2317, 2318-2319, 2320-2321, 2322-2323, 2324-2325, 2326-2327, 2328-2329, 2330-2331, 2332-2333, 2334-2335, 2336-2337, 2338-2339, 2340-2341, 2342-2343, 2344-2345, 2346-2347, 2348-2349, 2350-2351, 2352-2353, 2354-2355, 2356-2357, 2358-2359, 2360-2361, 2362-2363, 2364-2365, 2366-2367, 2368-2369, 2370-2371, 2372-2373, 2374-2375, 2376-2377, 2378-2379, 2380-2381, 2382-2383, 2384-2385, 2386-2387, 2388-2389, 2390-2391, 2392-2393, 2394-2395, 2396-2397, 2398-2399, 2400-2401, 2402-2403, 2404-2405, 2406-2407, 2408-2409, 2410-2411, 2412-2413, 2414-2415, 2416-2417, 2418-2419, 2420-2421, 2422-2423, 2424-2425, 2426-2427, 2428-2429, 2430-2431, 2432-2433, 2434-2435, 2436-2437, 2438-2439, 2440-2441, 2442-2443, 2444-2445, 2446-2447, 2448-2449, 2450-2451, 2452-2453, 2454-2455, 2456-2457, 2458-2459, 2460-2461, 2462-2463, 2464-2465, 2466-2467, 2468-2469, 2470-2471, 2472-2473, 2474-2475, 2476-2477, 2478-2479, 2480-2481, 2482-2483, 2484-2485, 2486-2487, 2488-2489, 2490-2491, 2492-2493, 2494-2495, 2496-2497, 2498-2499, 2500-2501, 2502-2503, 2504-2505, 2506-2507, 2508-2509, 2510-2511, 2512-2513, 2514-2515, 2516-2517, 2518-2519, 2520-2521, 2522-2523, 2524-2525, 2526-2527, 2528-2529, 2530-2531, 2532-2533, 2534-2535, 2536-2537, 2538-2539, 2540-2541, 2542-2543, 2544-2545, 2546-2547, 2548-2549, 2550-2551, 2552-2553, 2554-2555, 2556-2557, 2558-2559, 2560-2561, 2562-2563, 2564-2565, 2566-2567, 2568-2569, 2570-2571, 2572-2573, 2574-2575, 2576-2577, 2578-2579, 2580-2581, 2582-2583, 2584-2585, 2586-2587, 2588-2589, 2590-2591, 2592-2593, 2594-2595, 2596-2597, 2598-2599, 2600-2601, 2602-2603, 2604-2605, 2606-2607, 2608-2609, 2610-2611, 2612-2613, 2614-2615, 2616-2617, 2618-2619, 2620-2621, 2622-2623, 2624-2625, 2626-2627, 2628-2629, 2630-2631, 2632-2633, 2634-2635, 2636-2637, 2638-2639, 2640-2641, 2642-2643, 2644-2645, 2646-2647, 2648-2649, 2650-2651, 2652-2653, 2654-2655, 2656-2657, 2658-2659, 2660-2661, 2662-2663, 2664-2665, 2666-2667, 2668-2669, 2670-2671, 2672-2673, 2674-2675, 2676-2677, 2678-2679, 2680-2681, 2682-2683, 2684-2685, 2686-2687, 2688-2689, 2690-2691, 2692-2693, 2694-2695, 2696-2697, 2698-2699, 2700-2701, 2702-2703, 2704-2705, 2706-2707, 2708-2709, 2710-2711, 2712-2713, 2714-2715, 2716-2717, 2718-2719, 2720-2721, 2722-2723, 2724-2725, 2726-2727, 2728-2729, 2730-2731, 2732-2733, 2734-2735, 2736-2737, 2738-2739, 2740-2741, 2742-2743, 2744-2745, 2746-2747, 2748-2749, 2750-2751, 2752-2753, 2754-2755, 2756-2757, 2758-2759, 2760-2761, 2762-2763, 2764-2765, 2766-2767, 2768-2769, 2770-2771, 2772-2773, 2774-2775, 2776-2777, 2778-2779, 2780-2781, 2782-2783, 2784-2785, 2786-2787, 2788-2789, 2790-2791, 2792-2793, 2794-2795, 2796-2797, 2798-2799, 2800-2801, 2802-2803, 2804-2805, 2806-2807, 2808-2809, 2810-2811, 2812-2813, 2814-2815, 2816-2817, 2818-2819, 2820-2821, 2822-2823, 2824-2825, 2826-2827, 2828-2829, 2830-2831, 2832-2833, 2834-2835, 2836-2837, 2838-2839, 2840-2841, 2842-2843, 2844-2845, 2846-2847, 2848-2849, 2850-2851, 2852-2853, 2854-2855, 2856-2857, 2858-2859, 2860-2861, 2862-2863, 2864-2865, 2866-2867, 2868-2869, 2870-2871, 2872-2873, 2874-2875, 2876-2877, 2878-2879, 2880-2881, 2882-2883, 2884-2885, 2886-2887, 2888-2889, 2890-2891, 2892-2893, 2894-2895, 2896-2897, 2898-2899, 2900-2901, 2902-2903, 2904-2905, 2906-2907, 2908-2909, 2910-2911, 2912-2913, 2914-2915, 2916-2917, 2918-2919, 2920-2921, 2922-2923, 2924-2925, 2926-2927, 2928-2929, 2930-2931, 2932-2933, 2934-2935, 2936-2937, 2938-2939, 2940-2941, 2942-2943, 2944-2945, 2946-2947, 2948-2949, 2950-2951, 2952-2953, 2954-2955, 2956-2957, 2958-2959, 2960-2961, 2962-2963, 2964-2965, 2966-2967, 2968-2969, 2970-2971, 2972-2973, 2974-2975, 2976-2977, 2978-2979, 2980-2981, 2982-2983, 2984-2985, 2986-2987, 2988-2989, 2990-2991, 2992-2993, 2994-2995, 2996-2997, 2998-2999, 3000-3001, 3002-3003, 3004-3005, 3006-3007, 3008-3009, 3010-3011, 3012-3013, 3014-3015, 3016-3017, 3018-3019, 3020-3021, 3022-3023, 3024-3025, 3026-3027, 3028-3029, 3030-3031, 3032-3033, 3034-3035, 3036-3037, 3038-3039, 3040-3041, 3042-3043, 3044-3045, 3046-3047, 3048-3049, 3050-3051, 3052-3053, 3054-3055, 3056-3057, 3058-3059, 3060-3061, 3062-3063, 3064-3065, 3066-3067, 3068-3069, 3070-3071, 3072-3073, 3074-3075, 3076-3077, 3078-3079, 3080-3081, 3082-3083, 3084-3085, 3086-3087, 3088-3089, 3090-3091, 3092-3093, 3094-3095, 3096-3097, 3098-3099, 3100-3101, 3102-3103, 3104-3105, 3106-3107, 3108-3109, 3110-3111, 3112-3113, 3114-3115, 3116-3117, 3118-3119, 3120-3121, 3122-3123, 3124-3125, 3126-3127, 3128-3129, 3130-3131, 3132-3133, 3134-3135, 3136-3137, 3138-3139, 3140-3141, 3142-3143, 3144-3145, 3146-3147, 3148-3149, 3150-3151, 3152-3153, 3154-3155, 3156-3157, 3158-3159, 3160-3161, 3162-3163, 3164-3165, 3166-3167, 3168-3169, 3170-3171, 3172-3173, 3174-3175, 3176-3177, 3178-3179, 3180-3181, 3182-3183, 3184-3185, 3186-3187, 3188-3189, 3190-3191, 3192-3193, 3194-3195, 3196-3197, 3

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS AT BREST-LITOVSK COLLAPSE: BOLSHIEVISTS WITHDRAW TERMS

**Lenine and Trotsky Foresee Futility of Compromise With Germany—
Announce Determination of Bolsheviks to Send Volunteer
Army Against the Hungs**

Amsterdam, Jan. 11.—(Bulletin)—The central powers have withdrawn their peace terms made public at the Brest-Litovsk conference on December 20th, it was announced by Dr. von Kuhlmann, the foreign secretary, in his speech at the Brest-Litovsk conference with the Russians yesterday.

Owing to the non-acceptance by all the enemy powers of these terms, Dr. von Kuhlmann stated that document had "become null and void."

Prepares to Fight
London, Jan. 11.—(Bulletin)—The fighting power of the army against a possible break in the negotiations with the central powers, the Petrograd correspondent of the Daily News says, is that they are not attempting to reduce the old, weary army to a state of collapse, but to create a new and much smaller one. The new army will be recruited from the ranks of the old, and will be trained by the German army.

"It will wage not war, but revolution," the Petrograd correspondent says. "The Bolsheviks doubt if the German soldiers will advance, but if they do and take more territory they will be no nearer an end of the war. The Petrograd correspondent says that the difficulties of the Bolsheviks in the

SHORTAGE OF FARM HELP IS LOOKED FOR

**Winston Churchill Says Britain Is
Prepared for Expected
Blow from Germany**

London, Jan. 11.—Winston Churchill, British minister of munitions, addressing the American Luncheon club today, made a powerful appeal for the sending of American soldiers to Europe quickly and in large numbers as possible.

The reception of Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson's war aims by the central powers will be, he declared, a great blow to the British cause. He added that the Great Britain and the United States have issued their war aims they must give good effort to the practical work of enforcing them on the enemy.

"We have found a complete agreement on our war aims," Mr. Churchill said, "so let us concentrate our whole energy on practical measures whereby those aims may be achieved."

Referring to the German resources, he continued, into war work. Women must do more manual labor to relieve workmen for the ranks of the army. The minister said, must be done.

"The only way to shorten the suffering and torment of the people is to speed up the production of war material," he said. "The only way to speed up the production of war material is to speed up the production of war material."

Mr. Churchill said that the British government had decided to speed up the production of war material. He said that the British government had decided to speed up the production of war material. He said that the British government had decided to speed up the production of war material.

Although he had no doubt of victory, Mr. Churchill said that the war would be the hardest of the war.

Children Had Whooping Cough

Whooping cough, although especially a disease of childhood, is by no means confined to that period of life. It is one of the most dangerous diseases of infancy, and yearly causes more deaths than any other disease of childhood.

The whooping cough starts with sneezing, watering of the eyes, and coughing. The coughing attacks occur frequently, but are generally more severe at night.

On the first sign of a "whoop," Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be administered, as it helps to clear the bronchial tubes of the collected mucus and phlegm.

Mrs. George Cooper, of Bloomfield, Ill., writes: "It is a great relief to me to know that there is a remedy for whooping cough. My child, who is now two years old, had whooping cough last winter, and it is the only thing that helped him to get well."

"Dr. Wood's" is 25c and 50c a bottle; put up in a yellow wrapper; three glass bottles in a box, manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CHIROPRACTIC ADJUSTMENTS FATHER IS HOPE IN CHIROPRACTIC for the sick. Thousands are finding relief to health.

If sick, no matter what or where your ailments (acute or chronic) look upon your Chiropractor, no doubt cure will be found. Chiropractic will remove the cause of your disease and restore you to health. Write for literature. Ask questions about your case.

Dr. J. H. Davis, D.C.
CHIROPRACTIC ADJUSTMENTS
Consultation Free. Hours: 9-12 a.m., 2-5 p.m., 7-9 p.m.
Laid in Attendance

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
Cough Remedy**
ALWAYS RELIEVES
And Is Pleasant and Safe

News of Surrounding District

GREEN COURT HOTEL BURNED FIRE WAKENED OCCUPANTS

Fire awakened the occupants of the Green Court hotel at 11:30 p.m. on Monday night. They had barely time to get out of the building before the flames were under control. The building was owned by Mr. J. H. Green, and was used as a hotel. The fire was caused by a defective lamp. The damage was estimated at \$10,000. The fire was extinguished by the fire department. The fire was caused by a defective lamp. The damage was estimated at \$10,000. The fire was extinguished by the fire department.

SANGUDO
A new station is to be built for the Edmonton and Calgary division of the Canadian Pacific railway. It is to be built on the line between Edmonton and Calgary. The station is to be built on the line between Edmonton and Calgary. The station is to be built on the line between Edmonton and Calgary.

CONSTANTINE
The Edmonton and Calgary division of the Canadian Pacific railway is to be built on the line between Edmonton and Calgary. The station is to be built on the line between Edmonton and Calgary. The station is to be built on the line between Edmonton and Calgary.

PHILIP KEELY
Philip Keely is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

DR. J. H. DAVIS
Dr. J. H. Davis is leaving today for the Yukon. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway. He is going to the Yukon to work for the Canadian Pacific railway.

Fire Sale Bargains At "Edmonton Hardware"

Maytag Electric Washing Machines
We are agents for this famous Washing Machine, and will be pleased to demonstrate it to you. The price delivered \$85.00

Big Ben Alarm Clocks
Regular \$3.50. Sale\$2.95

Big Reductions in All Paints and Varnishes

Electric Globes
Up to and including 40 Watt. Sale35c

A quantity of CALCOPIE Ltd. Regular 60c. Sale30c

A Discount of 25% on All Kalsomine and Paint Brushes

Cream Cans
Regular \$1.50. Sale\$1.25

Furniture Polish
Regular 50c. Sale15c

Regular 50c. Sale15c

Everything in the store is reduced—whether damaged or undamaged.

There Are Hundreds of Articles on Our 5c, 10c and 15c Counts, Some of Them at Less Than Half Price.

Phone 2230 J. A. Finner's Hardware Phone 2230

10142 90TH STREET, COR. QUEENS & RICE.

Powerful Cruiser U-Boats Are Carrying on Sub Campaign for Enemy Against War Shipping

**Smaller Type of U-Boats Unable to Operate in
Rough Waters of Winter Season—Seven or Eight
Super-Subs Keeping Up Heavy Toll of Allied Vessels—
Many Lost.**

London, Jan. 11.—The submarine warfare has gradually taken on a new character. The smaller type of U-boat, which was the mainstay of the campaign, is being replaced by the larger type, which is capable of operating in rough waters.

The reason for this change is the fact that the smaller type of U-boat is unable to operate in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat, which is capable of operating in rough waters, is being used to replace the smaller type.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters. The larger type of U-boat is capable of operating in rough waters.

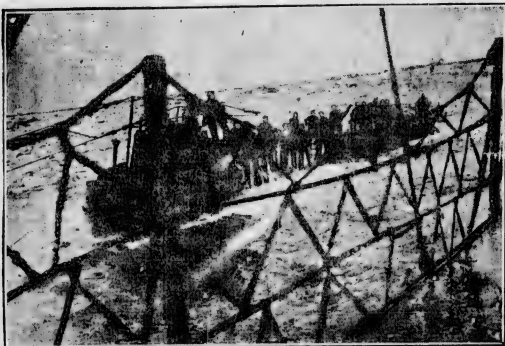
Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

WHAT IS LEFT OF MONTREAL \$200,000 CHURCH



The beautiful edifice of St. Stanislas-de-Kostka, totally destroyed by fire, which had apparently been burning for many hours, but was discovered only at 5 a.m. The insurance totals about \$160,000.

FIRST NAVAL "BAG" OF THE UNITED STATES



The German U-boat and her crew photographed from the deck of destroyer Fanning, which injured her with a depth bomb and captured her. After the crew was taken off she sank.

TEN BELOW ZERO MEANS NOTHING TO THESE



Although the thermometer registered ten below zero at New York recently on its coldest day, these men frisked and disported themselves on the beach at Coney Island.

FIGHTING THE MONTREAL ARENA FIRE IN ZERO WEATHER



The photo shows about all that is left of the Montreal Arena, where many well fought hockey games and many well attended horse shows have been conducted. The loss is about \$100,000, covered by insurance. An ammonia tank in an ice plant between the Arena and the ball grounds exploded with a roar when reached by the flames. The ice plant was only a partial loss.

THE GREAT \$50,000 ALEXANDER, BASEBALL STAR FOR THE CUBS



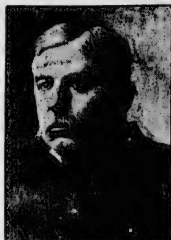
Here is the man who is considered the greatest baseball star in the world. He is seated on the left. Alexander is voted by Cobb to be cheap at the price, \$50,000.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR GOES HOME



Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador at Washington, who is returning to England.

SIR EDWARD MORRIS



Premier of Newfoundland, who retires from office.

EDWARD WESTON



Veteran pedestrian celebrates his 78th birthday. He is still hale and hearty.

AUSTRIAN MINISTER WHO OUTLINED PEACE



Count Cernin, Austrian Foreign Minister, who announced Central Powers' offer of no annexations and no indemnities.

COUNT TO JOIN AS A PRIVATE



Count Greve Bent Holstein, Danish diplomat, to serve with U. S. Army till he reaches France.

THE GATEWAY TO THE BATTLEFIELD



An Australian dispatch bearer in Flanders making his way to the front line trenches. These battered stumps are all that remain of the stately trees which lined the roadway.

BOLSHEVIKI MARINE MINISTER



Delimoff, to the right, was an ordinary seaman in the Baltic fleet till Leine raised him to the command of the navy.

CANADIAN Y.M.C.A. IN FLANDERS SERVES FRIEND AND FOE



Canadian official photo (copyright) showing German and Canadian wounded getting hot coffee and biscuits from a Y.M.C.A. station within 1,000 yards of the front line.

THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS—A BRIDGE BUILT OVER THE YSER AS WE ADVANCED.



5-BRAKE LTD. FORD CAR AND SERVICE STATION:
10027 102nd Street, Edmonton.

LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM

How Members Can Make Some Easy Pocket Money

Would you like to make some easy money? Surely you would! Then listen. The Bulletin is constantly endeavoring to increase its list of subscribers, and for that purpose it has established a special department which travels over the province from town to town. These men cannot, however, cover all the territory, particularly the rural districts, consequently we must rely on the assistance of local agents to obtain new subscribers in the country. Now, the proposition is this:

We want to enlist the aid of every member of the Aladdin Club. Instead of paying a commission to an agent for obtaining new subscribers we will pay the usual amount to the boys and girls, members of the Aladdin Club. Then listen still further:

Every boy or girl who obtains a certain number of subscriptions, either new or renewal, will have his or her picture appear in The Bulletin. Just imagine your picture in a paper that is read each week by nearly one hundred thousand people. Quite a distinction isn't it? Then just sit down and write a letter to the Circulation Manager of The Bulletin, or fill out the following coupon, and he will tell you just exactly what you have to do in order to earn this money and have your picture run in the paper. You have no idea how easy it will be to perform the slight service we require of you. Be sure to write today.

CIRCULATION MANAGER,
THE BULLETIN,
EDMONTON, ALTA.

Please send me particulars of your offer to members of the Aladdin Club.

Name _____ Address _____

Please write distinctly.

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

HOUSEHOLD AT FORT ST. JOHN.

The government survey shows, now in care of Mr. John, at Fort St. John, for winter, are a beautiful house, never before seen.

MAILING VANISHING GRAIN.

The farmers of Vancouver district are now busy hauling grain to spirit houses in the winter.

CONSERVING WATER SAFETY.

A number of the farmers of the Conspiring Creek district are experienced in conserving water.

35,000 FINE POSTS.

A. Norberg commenced operations on his fine post, which he expects to get out about thirty-five thousand posts this winter.

CASE FARM SOLD.

Ed. Hink has purchased the Case farm, three miles out, on the township.

LAND DEALS.

Mr. R. W. Newstead has purchased a large tract of land from the Government.

BOUGHT FOR QUARTER.

C. H. Standberg, St. John, this week purchased a horse for a quarter.

ELECTRICITY FARM.

A. Hulten has installed an electric system on his farm.

COME FROM WISCONSIN.

Chas. Cornell this week sold to a farmer from Wisconsin.

ALLIANCE TO IRMA.

G. J. Galloway has purchased a large tract of land from the Government.

PEACE FOR SHEEP.

Chas. Cornell has a large flock of sheep on his farm.

BOYS' BARRICADE PICNIC.

"I have a plan," is the slogan of the boys' barricade picnic.

DOWNLAND STOCKYARDS.

The annual meeting of the West-Downland stockyards.

BIG BUSINESS.

Mr. Kenney reports that since the middle of the year.

CHAUVIN SHIPMENTS.

In order to ship live stock to the West.

CATTLE STOCK FOR NOBLE.

C. Nelson of Griffin Creek and J. M. Nelson of Griffin Creek.

6 CALVES FOR STOCK.

By Hamilton Bruce, a large stock of calves.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

FEED FOR STOCK.

The feed for stock is a very important factor.

BOMBS FOR TURKEYS.

Turkey picking birds were in order in the morning.

EDMONTON STOCKYARDS LIMITED

Receipts, Disposition, Average Prices and Weights For Year 1917.	1917	1918
Receipts—Cattle and calves	31,719	25,643
Disposition—For slaughter	12,825	886
For stock and feeders	17,893	4,544
Total	31,719	25,643

Approximate values—	1917	1918
For slaughter—Cattle and calves	\$1,872,853	\$1,872,853
For stock and feeders—Cattle and calves	\$1,872,853	\$1,872,853
Total	\$3,745,706	\$3,745,706

Approximate values—	1917	1918
For slaughter—Cattle and calves	\$1,872,853	\$1,872,853
For stock and feeders—Cattle and calves	\$1,872,853	\$1,872,853
Total	\$3,745,706	\$3,745,706

RESERVE FEED FOR STOCK IN WINTER WEATHER

Although Alberta leads all the other provinces when it comes to raising stock, it is not so when it comes to feeding them.

HOOGS CAN HANDY IF WARS CEASE OR WHEAT DROPS

Shortage of 33,000,000 Hogs Must Be Replaced Before Decline in Hog Prices

"But should the war suddenly cease—what then? Ships could then be sent to America to bring hogs for the purpose of bringing over the surplus hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

"The consequences of this danger are not very serious, and American farmers to refrain from exporting hogs to the United States."

ALADDIN CLUB

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

ALADDIN CLUB

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

ALADDIN CLUB

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Aladdin Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first letter to you. I am a

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1918.

FICTION

Magazine



price. "Tom!" he began. "Where did you come from? What ever—"

"I am here at your own invitation. Where's my sister-in-law?"

The brothers stared frankly at each other for some moments in silence.

What Tom saw was an undersized, pale faced weakling of a man, dudishly garbed in conventional evening clothes. What Cedric saw was a strapping six-foot westerner, his beaming face mounted above a neck that did not fit in its soft, travel-soiled collar.

"I'm—delighted to see you again, Tom," Cedric declared guardedly; "and I'm terribly sorry that I must rush off and leave you tonight. I'm scheduled for a theater party."

"Is the little girl going along?"

"My fiancée? Oh, yes, Editha will be there."

"Good. Well, I'm pretty much all in after my trip, but I guess I might just as well sit up a few hours longer. Wait till I wash my face and I'll go to the party with you."

Faint with horror, Cedric watched his brother administer a hasty, cold-water shave.

"Your dress suit?" he queried vaguely. "Won't it need pressing?"

"Dress suit? Me in a dress suit? Say, Buddy, don't make me laugh. I never owned one of those contraptions. Heigh, ho! Shall I wear the red tie or the green?"

Cedric surrendered himself to the inevitable.

"Maybe she'll call it off when she sees Tom," he decided. "and if she does—"

He did not relish the idea of becoming the laughing stock of the town, but he yearned strangely for his former freedom.

Editha and her mother were waiting in the reception hall of the Purdy residence when Cedric, followed closely by his big shadow, called for them.

Editha was wrapped in a wine-colored velvet coat, a shaggy white fox wound snugly about her slender throat. Her black hair waved back from her smooth forehead and formed a high psyche knot on top of her head.

"Cedric, dear," she began teasingly, "you're late."

She did not finish her lecture. Her eyes met the steady gaze of the big man who was being introduced to her as her brother-in-law.

It was an uncomfortable evening for everybody but Thomas Blossom. Cedric writhed as only those forced to exhibit peculiar relatives can writhe. Editha's comment that he looked ten years older than the Indiana farmer did not help matters. The girl regretted her tactless speech after she had made it and disliked Cedric for taking offense. She wished she could talk to the giant alone for a few minutes without arousing what she mistook for Cedric's jealousy. Mrs. Purdy realized that all was not well with her party and was annoyed because she could not fathom the source of the trouble.

But Tom had the time of his life.

He enjoyed unimagined raptures when he sat next to Editha in the box at the theater and discerned the sweet fragrance of her. Her round white shoulders fascinated and embarrassed him. The softness and richness of her gown amazed him.

"I've lived on the farm ever since I was a little fellow," he whispered confidently to her during an intermission. "I'm different from Cedric. The women out our way don't dress—like that."

She understood the innocence of his compliment and smiled graciously.

Tom's heart hammered as one's heart

has no right to hammer at the sight of a sister-in-law's flashing white teeth.

The prenuptial festivities that followed were nightmares for Cedric. It was not that he disliked Tom. None could dislike the straightforward, whole souled boy-man who had come out of his Indiana hermitage to bow before the throne of the girl Cedric was to marry. It was just the bulk of his presence that depressed the dapper Beechwood eligible.



"I hope I'll make a satisfactory brother, little girl," he said softly.

When they passed a street light she saw deep lines at the corners of his firm mouth.

The Van Hoesens' party was a brilliant affair. Editha was passed down a line of middle aged, beauty loving, flirtatious husbands and Tom surrendered himself amiably to the stout, overdressed matrons who lionized him as an oddity.

He scarcely saw Editha until it was time for them to go home. Then he led her clumsily through the last steps of the dance and bundled her into her coat and furs.

The limousine seemed a haven of refuge to both.

"You're restless, Tom," the girl told him as they sped homeward. "I believe you soothe my nerves."

The big man smiled. "Per-

"Be true to yourself," he whispered. "Good night and good-by. I'm going back to the dunes."

haps question. Mother and father approved of him thoroughly and agreed to support us both if he became my husband. Cedric knew that. We—we made a sort of a bargain. He was awfully fair and good, but I don't think he has ever really cared. I think he will be relieved when he hears my decision."

The big man did not speak at once. He saw that Editha was fighting tears.

"Well, little girl," he said finally, "there's only one thing to do."

He came quite close to her and stooped until his lips touched her hair.

"Be true to yourself," he whispered gently. "Good night—and good-by. I'm going back to the dunes."

BECHWOOD was dumfounded. The editor of the Little Bird felt it was his duty to issue an extra edition of his paper, but lacked the moral courage to do so. The little suburb was more rocked by the news that came to it two days before the date set for the Purdy-Blossom wedding than it had ever been by any single event save possibly the declaration of war.

In short, both Editha Purdy and the man she was engaged to marry seemed to have lost their senses overnight. They neither explained nor condoned their actions. They simply faced the world and announced in a calm manner that they had decided to recall their invitations for the ceremony on the 15th. The ceremony would never take place. They would never be married.

A "For Sale" sign appeared in the window of the stucco house with the cane-back furnishings.

.....

It was sunset in Indiana.

A big, tired-faced man with kindly gray eyes stood on the porch of a quaint white cottage and watched the lake, shimmering bright and blue through the scrubby oak trees.

The sound of footsteps on the gravel path woke him from his reverie.

"Editha!" he cried, and then again, "Editha!"

He thought that he must be dreaming. He opened his arms to the girl who came slowly up the path, expecting the vision of her to fade before he could touch it.

Real arms were around him. Real lips were on his

own. He had kissed her before he remembered the barrier. Then his manhood accused him, and his eyes filled with a nameless fear.

"Cedric?" he demanded. "You didn't leave him?"

For answer the girl took a note from her handbag. Its scrawled message told the whole story.

Dear Old Tom: When you get this letter I'll be somewhere on the ocean. Funny how I've always loved the water, isn't it? I've longed for the chance to join the navy ever since the war began, but I didn't think they'd take me. They did—yesterday—and I feel like a kid. You ought to see me in my uniform and little white cap. I'll drop ten years overboard. Be good to Editha, old man—she loves you. Affectionately,
SKAGGON CEDRIC.

Tom looked long into the clear blue eyes of the girl before him.

"I came to stay," she said softly. "Tell me you're glad, and then walk back to the depot with me. Mother's there—sitting on a barrel—and she loathes barrels!"

The big man put his arms around Editha and pointed westward.

"The sunset—Isn't it wonderful here, little girl?" he whispered.

She smiled.

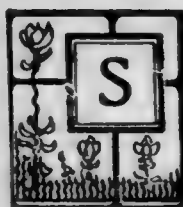
"Yes—but it isn't lonely."

[Copyright, 1918, by J. Kewey]

The Girl With the Blind Spot

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



SELINA DENSMORE was called "queen" by Alden, her home town. Born of perfectly respectable parents, who never deviated a hair's breadth from the conventional, Selina

was a creative, talented little girl with big, far-seeing eyes and sensitive lips who from the very beginning of her existence puzzled those closest to her.

It is admitted at once that Selina liked to play in circumstances; in commoner phrase, she was given to dramatizing every incident of her dull and drab external life, and one day when she was about 14 she was caught red-handed at this practice.

She was walking down Main street, knowing herself to be a great lady—a queen, forsooth, to whom all her courtiers bowed a humble knee. She was holding a conversation with one who had come begging to her gates. At the corner of Maple and Jones streets she waved a white and jewel-laden hand in the air and spoke graciously:

"Rise, noble knight!" were her words, and they fell upon the rather long ears of Mrs. Hiram Graham, on her way to the grocery store, market basket on her arm.

Mrs. Hiram Graham snorted and turned a bit out of her way to report the case to her next friend. The next friend simply tossed her head and said she had long suspected Selina of being not quite right, and finally the two friends agreed that Selina's mother ought to be told, so that at least her pride might be saved by taking drastic action at once.

So they wended their way to Selina's home, and in pitying tones told Mrs. Densmore of her daughter's aberration. Mrs. Densmore, normally resenting their interference, was rather chilly in the reception of their news, but that did not prevent her from falling upon Selina immediately upon the child's return from her adventures on Main street.

Selina listened to the tirade regarding her having made a spectacle of herself on the public highway, and she did not answer, though the color left her face. Hitherto she had been amusingly ready with excuses, explanations. But now she stood silent, for a dreadful truth had come to her out of the ether.

Her mother could not understand!

There is a penalty attached to being delicately sensitive to impressions, the penalty of finding an empty shell where you had believed the fullness of perception dwelt. Selina paid her penalty in pain now when she felt her mother's hard, impatient gaze fixed upon her. So to protect herself from going under she composed her face into a blank mask, the while she pushed her new knowledge down to hidden places.

Mrs. Densmore, getting no response, at last gave up her task of making Selina see light, and concluded with the threat that should Selina act in so stupid a manner again, calling down the ridicule of Alden upon her mother's defenseless head, the case would be carried to a higher and sterner court, namely, her father.

WHEN Selina was 16 she wanted to be an actress. She had been to an annual performance of visiting players and had come away thrilled with the desire to go out upon the stage and wring men's souls. Like all young things, she knew she had a great deal to tell the world that the world had as yet not found out. In an insane moment she committed the desire to her father. If she had expected thunder from him she was disappointed, joyously so, for he said just this:

"My dear Selina, if that is your wish I shall put nothing in your way. Go ahead and make your arrangements."

Alden waited for a scandal when Selina left for the big city to win a name for herself on the stage. It didn't turn out that way.

This was a bit breath-taking, and besides Selina didn't know how to go about making arrangements. But she clapped her hands ecstatically.

"Oh, father, I love you so much!" she cried in a passion of gratitude. That was Selina, giving her all for so little.

He nodded a slow little nod and some way the girl's heart went down into her shabby little boots. (Her father worked in the town's one hardware shop and his emolument was not great.)

"You may go out into the world and become an actress, but—"

He paused impressively, and Selina's long, slender hands clenched into tense little fists as she looked into his face, weak with the weakness of the stubborn.

"But," he continued, "you must cut off all ties with your parents. We shall feel ourselves disgraced." And then, in the very essence of cruelty, he finished: "When shall you pack your trunk? Your mother will help you, I'm sure."

NOW Selina stared at him with the same fixed and blank expression with which she had rewarded her mother on the occasion of the lecture regarding her fights enacted on Main street. And Mr. Densmore moved a bit, vaguely uncomfortable beneath that steady glance. Steady, because something had happened to the portrait of her father hitherto etched with perfect touches in Selina's heart.

Another child might not have felt the devilish ingenuity of his method. But for Selina her father lost his perfect outline. She could not have told you in words how this distortion befell, because her intelligence played no part in it. Only it did happen, this complete dulling of her faith. And her pain was all the keener, because, like all idolaters, she had to be quickened to disillusion by the one she believed in.

So with her father. She would have gone on canonizing him till eternity had he not unconsciously construed his real self to that crystal-clear part of his daughter.

It was this strange habit of Selina's of concealing her true feelings that caused the minister to dub her the girl with the blind spot. What he pitifully failed to see was that her blindness was followed by such illuminating flashes of vision that she was stunned by the revelation of feet of clay.

"It's just that what Selina Densmore don't want to see she won't see," said old Mrs. Graham ponderously.

"She'll come to no good end," prophesied Mrs. Myers, herself a mother of three perfectly satisfactory, average girls. "She'll rush to her own doom, she's that headstrong!"

Selina left Alden to go to the big city when she was 16. She was, after all, going on the stage. Her father, having early lost his influence, tried in vain to shake her. Selina felt the call in her soul to go forth from Alden, and Selina obeyed that call.

She had played toward this end by working in Alden's Dry Goods Emporium and saving \$30. So that she arrived in the big city with enough to keep her going till she landed a job behind the footlights.

Selina was fortunate. She went straight to the gates of the best theater in town. She was directed very courteously to the manager's office, and while she waited in the anteroom a young man

entered. His entrance was primarily what constituted her good fortune.

It was a bitter winter's day, and the young man wore a large ulster with a fur collar, and when he shook a clinging snowflake from that collar he turned to Selina, and she, impelled by some inner sparkling source, smiled at him.

Then he sat down by her and they began to talk. She told him her errand, and he listened to her flexible, rich voice, placed like a singer's. He looked into her deep eyes for a moment, then he said very quietly:

"If I were you I wouldn't start the usual way. I have a theory we need not only talent on our stage but trained minds."

"Oh," she said; "what would you do, then?"

Though he was young, not yet 30, her complete trust took his breath away. But he told her what he would do, and the upshot was that they left the manager's reception-room together and went to a great college, where Selina enrolled herself as a student under Professor Ortengren. Professor Ortengren was to lay her foundation by telling her, very intellectually, of modern and contemporary drama. From that she was to go on to expression and poise.

Selina paid \$10 out of her \$100 (she had carried the complete sum in a little bag plumed away somewhere) and felt very important and happy till she emerged from Professor Ortengren's studio and lost herself in the maze of doors and cut-off reception-rooms of the great building.

And so she lost sight of her champion and adviser.

That night in her little room she read want ads, and answered one that promised to pay so much for so many thousand envelopes addressed by hand. She received an answer, and she went to the address given, where she found in a small cut-off room a rather small man, seated at a big desk. He explained that he wished envelopes addressed by hand because they gave a "personal touch." His business was trying to interest women in buying oil stock.

SELINA, then, Mr. Thurington's only employe, started to address envelopes, seated at a small desk in a corner of the small room. She soon gained speed and the commendation of Mr. Thurington.

Mr. Thurington was middle aged, with thinning hair and something a bit wistful in his eyes. Selina, having imagination, built a story about him. He was unappreciated by the world at large; witness his deprecating movements. He had dreams which he kept hidden; note his wistful glances at her from time to time. Ah! Selina knew the joy and the pain of dreams, and one day, thinking all this, she smiled up into his face as he bent above her list of names.

He was a bit surprised, but he returned the smile in good measure, and Selina felt a warm little glow about her heart. She had a passion for people, a fine curiosity, and as has been said, a genius for giving all her sympathies where she thought she saw a need.

A week after Selina's first smile Mr. Thurington told her of his blighted life, and of some of the nobilities he had shown throughout discouragement and misunderstanding. Of course his wife didn't appreciate him, and at this statement Selina's whole soul shone in her eyes.

She raised those misty eyes to Mr.

Thurington's. She wanted so to help him. She concentrated on wondering how she could shed light on his wrecked career.

"Oh," she said in her warm voice, "is there anything, anything I can do?"

He looked at her a moment, at her great eyes lifted so confidently to his, her sensitive lips trembling in the excess of her emotion for his lacks, and suddenly he put his arms about her and was holding her very close! Then his kisses fell haphazardly on her lips, on her cheek. It was quite a moment before she could free herself.

SHE stood a moment, then, looking at him, a look that made him uncomfortable, though he couldn't believe he had been mistaken in his estimate of her. A girl never looks at a man with wide, sympathetic eyes and expects the situation to remain there. She was simply very clever and used original material. So he smiled complacently and thought to bide his time.

Have I made it very plain that he was insignificant, bald, palpably middle aged, and making a precarious living by fooling gullible women?

But Selina stood looking at him as she rearranged her ideas of him. She put her hand up to her hair and tightened it a bit where it had fallen over her brow. Then she said very quietly:

"I'll try to get out the Overton lists to-night," and turned away.

He left her, puzzled. For many days he was puzzled, because by neither word nor faintest sign did Selina show that anything had happened. And so Mr. Thurington joined the Alden psychics! Selina was dense in one part of her. Then he wondered suddenly if what she didn't want to see she didn't see, which bare surmise angered him. A man wants to register all his emotions on the woman he selects, even for a moment's pastime.

He was still surly on the day Selina gave him her resignation, an action she had meant to take from the moment she knew him for what he was. And he was still staring at her when the door opened and two men entered.

The formalities were soon over. Mr. Thurington was under arrest for improper use of the mails, and Selina was held with him to tell all she knew of his operations.

The whole procedure was a frightful strain on Selina. She answered hundreds of questions, told all she knew of the operation of Thurington's business, which, after all, was very little.

So that the cross-examiners began to treat her with subtle cruelty. She could not get away from their persistence. And when she was beginning to doubt her own intentions in the whole matter, a new element was introduced.

The lawyer for the prosecution, Judge Randall, straight in line for governor of his state, came in person to interview her. "My name is Randall," he told her simply, his manner quite in keeping with his very fine, outstanding presence, "and I'd like you to tell me all you know."

Of course, after she had told him her story, he realized at once that she was innocent regarding Thurington's manipulations, and he saw that she was allowed to depart.

"What are your plans now?" he asked very kindly as she prepared to leave.

"I'm going to find another position." He thought a moment, then drew out a card from his pocket.

"My wife is looking for a sort of book-keeper. Are you good at figures, Miss Densmore?"

"Not very," said Selina truthfully. And he smiled. He was a bit of an idealist, despite his political experiences, and he said:

"Well, never mind. Go ahead and interview Mrs. Randall."

So Selina, released from that horrible

turned more of his wrath upon her had not the judge, realizing that John might get beyond himself, intervened. Taking Helen in his arms soothingly, he said to John:

"Now don't be overwrought. Helen is all right—she's merely excited and a bit stubbornly anxious over the fate of her ideas. I still believe in her, and I still believe in Hamilton. It's simply that he's so absorbed in his work he doesn't realize what he's asking her to do."

HELEN freed herself from the judge's paternal embrace and said, quietly still:

"That's just what I told him—he was too absorbed in his work when he asked me to marry him."

"What!" they all gasped. "He asked you to marry him—to really marry him?"

"Of course—implored me to marry him. Swore he'd not have me under any other conditions."

Lucy was the most amazed. She forgot all else except that here was the case of a young woman refusing the hand in marriage of an eligible young man.

"And you refused him?" she exclaimed. "Refused a man who loves you honorably?"

"Of course. You don't suppose I'd take advantage of the poor fellow's weakness? Women often do, I have to admit—even when they're not in love sometimes. It's the habit of the sex to 'feather their nests' at any needed sacrifice. They're so dependent, you know. You see, he really doesn't know yet that I have decided not to marry him but to

love him and allow him to love me just the same."

John saw a gleam of hope. He immediately drew the judge aside and proposed that by some plan they get the doctor off to Paris.

This, the judge counseled, would be unwise.

"You can't stop her from following," he said. "She is at the edge of the precipice now, and the slightest mistaken move will push her over. We are dealing with big people and a big passion—a bigger passion than I have ever witnessed, even with all my experience on the bench, where most of the passions of marriage usually come to be adjusted."

Before John could reply the butler appeared to announce Dr. Hamilton.

"Tell him to come out here," the judge advised.

When John demurred, the judge and Theodore united in the opinion—discussed in low tones that Helen, of whom Lucy had taken possession, could not overhear—that it would be wise to allow Helen and Dr. Hamilton to meet alone; both the judge and Theodore, knowing now that Dr. Hamilton had not already consented to such a mating as Helen proposed, firmly believed that he would, as they expressed it, "bring her to her senses." The butler was told to show Dr. Hamilton into the garden, and the three men motioned Lucy to leave with them.

Lucy could not forbear a parting admonition as she turned from Helen.

"If you offer yourself on any such terms to the man who loves you honorably, he'll never look at you again!"

When Ernest saw that only Helen was waiting for him he rushed to her and folded her in his arms with a long, impassioned embrace.

"Your brother told me you were ill, or I would have seen you before. I hope you are better again," he exclaimed.

"If I was ill, it was only for the need of you," Helen said with abandonment to the ecstasy of the moment. "I want you never to leave me again, Ernest—never!"

"Now that I have you, and am sure of you, and realize how badly I do need you, I will never let you get away from me," Ernest assured her. "And now you will apologize, I am sure, for what you said—it seems worlds and worlds ago that you didn't think you'd marry me, after all. You did not really mean that, did you, dear?" There was a pleading in his voice that pained her. She trembled and quivered like a wind-blown leaf. Ernest was afraid she still was ill.

NO, DEAR—it is just because your arms are around me; I am so afraid you do not understand what that means to me. You think my prejudices were foolish, and it makes me tremble when I think that, perhaps, I still have to persuade you that I am right. I have made up my mind, for your sake and mine. Our love is too holy, too real, too magnificent to be debased by that monster—marriage."

"But you know we cannot have each other without it—we really can't. And I need you. You know that. We are helpless without each other. It is too late to

think of aught else. Whether you will or no, the beautiful power of love is sweeping us together, and we must yield, not only to it but to the thing that love means, and that is the wedded bond. I used to look upon marriage as a mere contract—now I know, as I look into your eyes and feel you against me, and realize what it will mean to protect and care for you, that marriage is more than a contract, it is a religious sacrament."

"But can marriage, dear," pleaded Helen, "make love any more binding—our love—than it is now? Does it need the wedding ceremony to make it sacred?"

"No; it does not need an incantation to make love, given by God, righteous, but—"

"I knew you would acknowledge it—that you would see it," Helen interrupted eagerly. "It is the mistake of all the ages—marriage. They've tried to make love fit it, but it can't be done. Marriage must be changed to fit love. I'm going to Paris with you, Ernest, but not as your wife!"

Ernest held her from him for one long minute. His eyes tried to pierce her soul. He quivered in the repression of his emotion. Then slowly, almost dramatically, he dropped her arms and stepped back.

"You mean—that you must go—without marriage?"

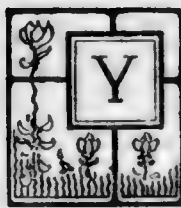
"I mean—without marriage—just as you and I, loving each other, devoted to each other, joined but not tied to each other!"

(To be continued next week)
[Copyright, 1918, by J. Kealey]

SEAGOIN' CEDRIC

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



OUR deal, Cedric, dear."

Editha Purdy pushed a pack of cards across the table and leaned forward on her elbows. Her long, blue eyes were narrowed to slits,

her well molded lips curved into a complacent, self-satisfied smile. In her slender fingers she twisted a silver pencil.

The bridge players at the next table exchanged significant glances.

It was the fortnightly meeting of the Big Slam Club, and, according to the society reporter who stood in the doorway jotting mysterious hieroglyphics in her yellow notebook, "everybody" was there. "Everybody," in a fashionable suburb such as Beechwood, can sit comfortably in a 20x30 drawing-room and gather, without overflow, around six card tables. The reporter's notes translated, however, proved that this gathering at Mrs. Rushfield Purdy's was an event of exceptionally great interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Rushfield Purdy, who lived in Beechwood's finest house, on Beechwood's finest street, were announcing the engagement of their daughter Editha to J. Cedric Blossom.

J. Cedric Blossom was the town eligible. His capture and definite surrender meant a good front page story for the Little Bird—the Little Bird being a local paper that fluttered shyly forth on Saturday mornings, carrying choice morsels of gossip to its ever hungry subscribers.

"Everybody" was in on the secret, of course, being present at the announcement party, but the other 5,000 inhabitants of the suburb would hear nothing of Editha Purdy's good fortune until the story was published. And then, as the society reporter knew, and the Purdys feared, and J. Cedric nervously suspected, Beechwood would sit down, draw a long sigh, and make the inevitable comment:

"Well, she got him!"

In some parts of the world J. Cedric might not have been much to get. Editha was forced to wear low heels

when she walked with him. She was tall enough so that she could see the spot where his slick black hair was thinning all too plainly, and his diminutive figure measured poorly beside her splendid one. It was necessary for her to stoop a trifle when she looked down into his faded, pinkish eyes that blinked rabbitlike behind his bone-rimmed glasses. She invariably had to remind him to play his cards at the bridge table, and there were persistent rumors that her father had been paying him an exorbitant salary at the bank for years. Nevertheless people were only giving Editha her just due when they said that she had cleverly managed her courtship of this lean, mercenary little bachelor. Men were scarce in Beechwood long before war was declared, and afterward—

J. CEDRIC was the last hope of every unmarried female in the suburb.

There was something funereal about the Purdys' announcement party.

"My dear," said J. Cedric when the last guest had departed and his fiancée waited for a good night kiss, "this has been the proudest and happiest night of my life. When are we going to be married?"

Editha put her hands on his shoulders and gave him one of her most radiant smiles.

"Just as soon as I can get my trousseau made. You mustn't be impatient, dear."

Cedric kissed her.

"I am, though," he warned with an arid which he neither felt nor wished to feel. "I'm going to rush you like everything. I want to call you my own little wife."

Neither of them laughed. The situa-

tion was too desperately real. Cedric might regret Editha's size and his obligations to her father and his rashly spoken words of love for the rest of his life, but he was too much of a gentleman to make the girl suffer for his mistakes. He meant to go through with it.

Editha, on the other hand, might always wish vainly that she could add a few inches to his stature and a few hairs to his head, but she was far too diplomatic to show any dissatisfaction with the prize she had won. She was determined to go through with it.

"Good night, sweetheart," he whispered. "The wedding must be soon."

"Good night, dearest," she answered. "I'll do my best."

During the weeks that followed the Purdy house writhed in the throes of dressmaking hysteria, and Cedric, having few preparations to make for his wedding, and no inclination to make those, was left much to his own devices. His prospective father-in-law had confided his intention of paying the bills that his wife's choice incurred. The bridegroom bought a modest new wardrobe, wrote a few farewell letters to his bachelor friends, and sat down to wait for the fatal ceremony.

J. Cedric had not always lived in a snobbish little suburb. He hailed from an Indiana farm tucked snugly away in the sand-dune district. His parents, eastern people who had broken their hearts over their inability to make a fortune in the Hoosier state, had been dead for some years, but the farm was still in the family, the property of Cedric's elder and hermitlike brother.

"I suppose I ought to let the old boy know about the step I'm taking," Cedric decided gloomily as he favored his brother with the first thought he had given

him in some time. "I'll write and ask him up to the wedding."

Accordingly he seated himself at his neat mahogany desk and scrawled a note to the distant Thomas Blossom.

Dear Tom: I'm sentenced. Don't worry, old man. She's a wonderful girl, with heaps of gold. Everybody says I'm lucky. Come up for the big show, which takes place the 15th of next month. CEDRIC.

An hour after the letter had been mailed J. Cedric Blossom had forgotten its existence.

The house in which the young people were doomed by the well-meaning Mrs. Purdy to live their uninteresting lives was a gorgeous affair of stucco and brick and bright new paint. Its interior was handsomely strewn with cane-back furniture, costly bric-a-brac and oriental rugs. It was the sort of a home which "everybody" in Beechwood would covet.

WHAT a wonderful match," said "everybody" over and over again. "They'll have all that money can buy."

The wedding on the 15th was the chief topic of interest for weeks ahead of time. The Little Bird joyfully announced the names of the bridesmaids while Editha's trousseau was in the making, and "gigs of gown fitting began in all the big houses in town. Innumerable invitations to showers and luncheons and dinners choked the fashionable mail boxes. Modistes grew rich and florists prospered.

J. Cedric had just completed his toilet for a theater party one evening and was waiting in the door of his apartment for his car to be announced when a heavy, unfamiliar step sounded on the stairs. The great, broad-shouldered giant who heaved into sight was never his chauffeur. In the dim light of the porch he could not distinguish the man's features, and the voice in which he addressed Cedric in no way disclosed his identity.

"Good evening," said the stranger. "How are you, Cedric?"

"Very well, thank you," the startled host replied. "Won't you come in?"

The two men stepped inside the door of the apartment and the light shone on the giant's face. Cedric cried out in sur-

the room in which for two days she had been incarcerated, made her way after her ablutions and changes of attire, accomplished in her boarding-house domain, to Judge Randall's home.

She found it a beautiful show place, built in an exclusive part of the city. The man who answered her ring said Mrs. Randall was at home, and gaining Selina's business, he went away, leaving her standing in a broad hall with fine old woods for its only ornamentation.

He returned in a moment and conducted Selina upstairs over thick piled carpets down a long, dim hall into a bedroom, where sat a lady whose white, bare feet were resting on a little velvet footstool. A maid bent over the footstool, massaging the white feet.

Selina answered all Mrs. Randall's questions satisfactorily evidently, for she was given the position. Mrs. Randall mentioned the salary, \$10 a week, said Selina's duties would be to keep account of the moneys received from different sources for Mrs. Randall's pet charity, a home for working girls. Mrs. Randall, for reasons unstated, preferred that Selina work in the evenings from 8 till possibly midnight.

Then Mrs. Randall definitely closed the interview.

Selina fitted into the position, did well, despite her dislike for figures. Every evening promptly at 8 o'clock she appeared at the beautiful home of Mrs. Randall and was shown up by the liveried servant to Mrs. Randall's own room. Every evening, often till midnight, she sat at a little pearl-inlaid desk and made notations, pinned checks together, wrote many letters, and every Saturday evening she received her \$10 bill.

Then one evening she was finished with her duties by 10 o'clock. Mrs. Randall was away at a great ball given to aid the cause of the working girls, and Selina went down the wide stairs alone. On the main floor she yielded to temptation. With no officious servant at hand, she stopped for a moment before the door of the great drawing-room and glanced in appreciatively at its marbles and ivories, its precious woods and marvelous pictures.

As she started away a young man rose to his full height from a chair in a far corner and came toward her.

They stood an intense moment gazing incredulously at one another. Then he said:

"Why didn't you answer my note?"

"Your note?" she cried.

"Yes. I wrote a note to you and gave it to Orlengren for delivery."

"Oh," she said, smiling; "Professor Orlengren wouldn't give me a note from a gentleman. He believes one should have nothing in his mind save his future."

"Well," he said, "despite his old fogey notions, I've found you again."

He said this with such perfect happiness in his voice that the rich color came up into Selina's face. And in her confusion she turned to go, but he stopped her by putting a firm hand on her arm.

"Tell me," he said, "what are you doing in my home?"

"I'm working for Mrs. Randall, keeping account of her working girls' home charity."

"Oh, yes," he said; "my mother is always doing something for charity. She's also a patroness of the Drama League Society."

"Yes," said Selina; "I've told her something of what I intend to do."

By this time he had walked out into the hall, lifted a big coat, evidently flung a while back on a table, and said:

"Come on; now I've found you, I don't intend to lose you again."

They walked together in silence for a time, till Selina said she was at the corner where she took the car.

"Very well," he answered, and boarded the car with her.

Of course she couldn't ask him into

"My leading lady, mother," he said with precious meaning.



her little boarding-house room, so they stood outside for quite ten minutes, which Malcolm used up, having mounted his high horse regarding the exalted purpose of the stage. Selina hung on his every word. It was quite late, therefore, before he could move himself out of the range of such a perfect listener.

But their friendship grew rapidly. The wonder and beauty of the association was the fusing, as it were, of their ideals. He meant to be a playwright, with a new voice crying in the wilderness. She meant to uplift men's souls by dint of the meaning she would put into her expression.

So they were exquisitely happy because they had found one another.

And meanwhile Mrs. Randall went on being very kind to her little subsecretary, sweetly oblivious of the danger that stalked her path.

"I'll tell you, Selina," said Malcolm Randall one afternoon as he and Selina walked through a deserted winter park, their usual hunting ground now since Selina had no place to which to invite her cavalier, "mother's really proud of a play I've done, and I'll get her to use her influence to have it produced here this winter at the Tiny Theater."

Selina stopped dead in her path. It was the seventh miracle of their friend-

ship that each knew what the other had in mind before it was spoken.

"And you shall take the leading part—the part of Anne, the girl who was always seeking and never found till she knew love."

They looked deeply into one another's eyes, and then there in the silent park, close to a denuded tree, Malcolm put his arm about Selina and lifted her face to his.

"Selina, my little girl!" he said.

And Selina, being Selina, neither pretended nor coquetted, but said very simply:

"Oh, my dear, my dearest, I loved you from the first moment I saw you!"

Mrs. Randall wasn't particularly curious regarding Malcolm's expressed wish that Miss Densmore, her little subsec-

resented in all its brilliance and numbers. Malcolm sat with his parents in a prominent box. Selina, in her dressing-room, suffered the usual terrible pangs preceding first appearance in public. But she remembered Malcolm. And she recalled that there was to be present a well-known manager. She must do her best!

So when the curtain rose and revealed Selina standing at the foot of a hill and gazing up into its purple mists, a young, rather pathetic little figure in white, seeking its vision, that same well-known manager stirred a bit in his seat. She hadn't spoken a word; a trying situation for any actress to magnetize by silence. But it was good work, rare work, that bit of symbolizing coming at the beginning of a play, a bit of symbolizing to put the audience in touch with the underlying thought.

Selina had two purposes within her heart this night; the one gleaming star-purposely to make Malcolm's play a success, and the next to make her audience look a bit interested and believe that life is beautiful and has wings to flight one up.

So she dominated, she controlled, she evaded and she frolicked, sometimes with the sure touch of genius, other times with the wavering of the amateur, but always that something that captivated and held.

"The girl can act," said Mrs. Randall to her son.

Malcolm was watching his sweetheart. What wonder this, that the woman he loved was there interpreting what no written word could have conveyed to her senses! How had she looked into his soul and gathered all its desires, its beauties, its little sly wickednesses, its noble understandings!

Mrs. Randall met her dearest enemy in the foyer after the play, and she pressed forward to congratulate Mrs. Randall. "Your son is made!" she said. "And the girl, Selina!" A pause, and then: "When will the engagement be announced?"

Mrs. Randall did not answer.

"Such an idyllic love story," the other continued. "I've seen Malcolm and this young lady so often together in the park."

Mrs. Randall found her tongue. "The exigencies of art, my dear, are quite beyond your comprehension," she said superbly.

tary, should be given a part in his play.

"Is she just the type?" she asked in her cool, impersonal way, and when he nodded she assented to lending her influence toward having Malcolm's play produced at once. It couldn't even remotely occur to her that her only son should have any feeling for a girl in Selina's position outside of the fact that she would fit the type of his play.

Since money and influence will do a great deal, Malcolm Randall's play, "Purple Butterfly," went straight through to a quick production, with Selina in the lead role. How Selina loved it all, even the long, grinding hours of rehearsal, especially those hours when Malcolm was at hand with his never failing word of encouragement.

She worked and worked, sparing nothing of time and labor to bring to the light Malcolm's genius. The glory for him (and he understood this full well) was that she so perfectly understood, despite the clumsiness of mere words, the lofty meaning of his play. She brought, despite some very natural crudities, some lack of the technique of acting, a freshness, a beauty of conception, that made it very apparent to knowing ones what fame lay in her future.

On the opening night society was rep-

The next night Selina went, despite her triumph, to her duties at Mrs. Randall's. But as she entered the door of the great house Mrs. Randall emerged like a gray Nemesis from the drawing-room and stood awaiting the disappearance of the man who had admitted Selina. Mrs. Randall then spoke crisply.

"Here is a month's salary, Miss Densmore," she said. "I shall no longer require your services."

Selina stood frozen, and at the moment, quite timely, like an actor in one of his own plays taking a cue, Malcolm Randall issued from somewhere. He went straight to Selina and lifted her cold little hand.

"My leading lady, mother," he said with precious meaning.

Well, the end of the story is that the girl with the blind spot (which after all was not a blind spot, but a dazzlingly clear spot) married a governor's only son, who in time became a great playwright, in whose plays Selina appeared, to the joy even of the critics. And bewildered Alden, on receipt of the news, sat up amazed, but recovered sufficiently to say that in this strange world one never can tell!

(Copyright, 1914, by J. Kealey)

Bana stalks remained clear, beady and potent.

The aged crone's hands lingered lovingly on the opals. They were all of value—they and the liquors—that the great cask had yielded. Time has been in the Virgin Isles' hectic history when silk and rum had as much value as gold bars. In such a time the pirate who last had acquired the Opals of Arragon had buried them there. It had been a temporary arrangement, no doubt. Perhaps for the nonce he had no other place for his bales of silk and strings of opals.

Elsewhere on Anegada, mayhap, was the true store of Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight that represented his ill-gotten competency. The silks may have been destined for a dark-eyed dancing girl in Port au Spain or a clear-eyed British lass in Essex or Birmingham. But the guilty dreamer of dreams was gone—a skeleton in the coral-crested ribs of a sunken ship or dust in the potter's field where went the cadavers from "Execution Dock," sun-dried in the winds.

The old hag didn't think of these things. She reflected only on the great disappointment that there were no gleaming bars of gold. As she meditated a shadow fell athwart her shoulder. A

slip of a girl peered with wide eyes at the opals. The practitioner of Voodooism rose craftily. After all, her cult standing was the supreme thing in life.

"From the Green Serpent!" she croaked. "Finer to his eyes you'll be now. And better than potions to blind the eyes of men who look on women!"

The girl donned the opals, noting that one or two of the largest were cracked and marred, as if bitten with human teeth. She watched the angry fire of the glittering stones as her bosom rose and fell.

"Now," she breathed, "oh, truly killer of babies, the Great Green Serpent loves you well!"

The hag grunted and resumed her stirring of the mystic mess in the old ship's kettle. Outside there was a crunching of footsteps in the sand. The tall, blond beach-comber entered. The girl turned with regal poise and met his gaze. His blue eyes contracted.

"You are beautiful," he said, "as—as the sunrise in Papete!"

"I have not been there," said Rosamar coily.

He advanced, lured by the invitation in her eyes. The Opals of Arragon

clicked against his faded shirt as they had clicked against chain mail and purple velvet.

They drank of the century old Malaga and the strong and heady Port Royal rum. The hag stirred on, maintaining her pose craftily, but watching through her tousled hair, for all the world like an aged poodle. Drink loosened the man's tongue and he made wild protestations of love and great promises of future estate.

But as the evening wore on a new candor crept up to his lips.

"Always?" entreated the girl persistently. "In Havana, too, where are whiter women, will you still see me alone?"

His flushed face writhed into an unsteady grin. His great paw groped for the opals.

"Where there are white women," he boasted, "I go to white women. Yellow wenches are only for the sand beaches and jungle huts of the Virgins."

With a good round English curse the girl scratched at his eyes. He responded with wild vituperation, snatching the coiled loops from her shoulders. They fought in the firelight until the old crone, creeping out of the corner, struck him heavily with the iron bar. He collapsed

across the fire, the opals slipping into the boiling cauldron.

The girl developed hysteria, shrieking and writhing on the floor of the hut. The hag cursed and called for the Great Green Serpent to wither her where she lay. Over the fire, whence came the pungent fumes of scorching cloth and burning hair, the witch's cauldron boiled. The acid of decayed flesh, rancid wood and rotten fruit bit into the gleaming surface of the jewels. The heat cracked them until they fell away in flakes from the chain of beaten gold. The hag groped for the stones with the rusted iron bar and drew them forth, blackened, lusterless wrecks. With a muttered imprecation she let them slip back into the nauseous mess.

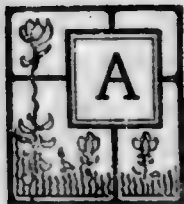
Afterward she dragged the hysterical girl outside. Once again within, she poured the remainder of the Malaga and rum over the prostrate form. The flames crept along it and licked up at the thatched walls. Tava, Voodoo priestess extraordinary, and Rosemar, belle of black and tan and chocolate Anegada, went slowly down the trail. Behind them the full moon lifted ruddily, vying with the lurid flames of the burning hut.

[Copyright, 1918, by J. Keely]

WHY MARRY

Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams



AGAINST all the storming, cajoling, threatening protests of her brother, Helen stood unmoved in her decision to give herself to Dr. Hamilton without, as she expressed it, "compelling" him to tie himself down with the obligations of marriage. John, convinced at last that he was dealing with stubbornness of purpose that would be adamant against any persuasion, decided to resort to a process of shaming his sister, which he thought might cause her to see what she firmly believed was an error incurred by downright temporary insanity.

Knocking for the butler, John asked the servant to request that Lucy, the judge and Theodore, if he had returned from church, come into the garden. As the butler disappeared John turned to Helen, saying angrily:

"When they come out here I'm going to ask them to look into your face and see what manner of woman it is we have raised in this house. If you can bring yourself to do it, make that statement to them. I am wondering if you can do it and look them in the face."

"I can look the world in the face, John, when I speak of my love for the man who loves me—the man I want and the man who wants me. If I were being forced into such a marriage as poor little Jenn's I would kill myself. But in the eyes of God, who made love, no matter how I may appear in the eyes of man, who made marriage, I know I am doing right, and I am not ashamed."

Lucy, followed by the judge, appeared on the steps as Helen finished, and over-hearing Helen's closing sentences, realized immediately that Helen had mustered up the courage to tell John that she had made up her mind to enter into an informal relationship with Dr. Hamilton—a "new woman" relationship. Horrified, Lucy turned to the judge.

"She has told him—actually told him!" she exclaimed.

The judge, realizing the situation at a glance, merely shrugged his shoulders. His eyes seemed to be more aroused than dismayed.

John turned upon Lucy fiercely.

"What? Did you know of this fiendish plan of hers? Did she tell you before she told me? Why did you not come to me immediately? Why did you not warn me?"

"She said she wanted to tell you her-

self. I did not think she would dare do it. I did not speak for I was sure she would lose her courage and the whole thing would be passed over."

John, the judge and Lucy turned to look at Helen—the judge with something of quiet admiration, John with baffled rage coloring his face, Lucy with a glance of reproach, as if she were chagrined not so much at Helen's continued determination to carry out her revolutionary plans but that she should have disappointed her estimate of her courage.

Helen smiled benignly at them.

"It had to be announced," she said almost gayly, "so who could make the announcement better than I, and to whom else would it be more properly made than to my brother, the esteemed and autocratic head of the family?"

Theodore, returning from church, and told by the butler John wanted him in the garden, appeared just in time to overhear Helen's explanation of her "announcement." To him the word, as far as a woman would be concerned, meant but one thing. He beamed upon them all as he came down the steps.

"Announced?" he questioned. "What is announced—something we have been expecting, I'll venture."

They all turned upon him in a panic. Even Helen did not bargain for a discussion of her "new" idea of the "true partnership of love" with the minister. Lucy hurriedly attempted to smooth over the situation.

"Their engagement, Theodore," she explained; "their engagement, you know."

"Yes, Theodore," said the judge, "John has evidently given his consent at last, as an example to society." He could not forego the pleasure of prodding John in the ribs as he volunteered this amplification of Lucy's subterfuge.

+

JOHN thought to keep his embarrassment, as head of the family, from Theodore, by agreeing to the general attempt to keep Theodore out of the discussion.

"Of course," he muttered, "have to consent; fine fellow; big future; one of the best fellows in the world."

Theodore went up to Helen and took her hands.

"I am delighted to hear it," he said, unconscious of the pained look that came into Helen's face as she avoided his eyes.

"Dr. Hamilton is a very worthy and

promising man. He will make an excellent husband. And withal he has a very religious nature. Congratulations, my dear."

Helen rebelled against any deception, even though she would have preferred, for some reason unexplainable to her, to have avoided shocking the amiable pastor.

"Thank you, cousin," she said quite calmly. "He will not make me an excellent husband, because, not wanting a husband, I do not intend to allow him to become one."

Theodore was puzzled. He looked from one to the other.

"Just announced, and now she—ah, I see!"—he was beaming again—"a lover's quarrel already."

The judge enjoyed the situation immensely.

"No, Theodore," he interposed, "the lovers are in perfect accord. Only they have conscientious scruples against marriage. They are simply going to set up housekeeping without the formality of a wedding ceremony."

Theodore dropped Helen's hands as if they burned him. Before he could ask an explanation, however, Helen interrupted:

"We are going to do nothing of the sort, Uncle Everett."

Theodore gratefully took Helen's hands again, darting an accusatory glance at the judge.

Helen continued:

"We are not going to set up housekeeping at all. He will keep his present quarters and I shall keep mine. But just the same we will belong to each other quite as fully and completely as if Theodore here had murmured his conventional incantations over us."

Again Theodore dropped Helen's hands—so abruptly the judge laughed aloud.

Theodore turned upon him aghast.

"This is outrageous," he said. "I, representing the church, am horrified. You, representing the state, should be just as much alarmed. We should do something, you and I, to turn this poor child's mind in the right direction."

"It has been turned in the right direction, Theodore," said Helen; "the surprising thing is that the church and the state does not admit it. Why, think what would happen to an eager intellect like Ernest Hamilton's if he had to come

back to a narrow apartment, or a dreary suburb, each evening and eat morbid meals opposite a housewife regaling him with the social ambitions of the other commuters? Ugh! It has ruined enough brilliant men already. Now he dines at his club, economically, compared with what his meals at home would cost him, and his companions are the best scientists in the country. Marriage would divorce him from all of this, transplant him from an atmosphere of ideas into an atmosphere of worries. We should be forced into the same deadly ruts as the rest of you, uncle. Do you want me to destroy a great career, Theodore?"

"You will be a blot upon that career—as surely a blot as is the stain on a priceless manuscript left by an overturned ink bottle," Theodore returned. "And you will be disgraced, despised, ostracized by all good society," added Lucy.

Helen smiled.

+

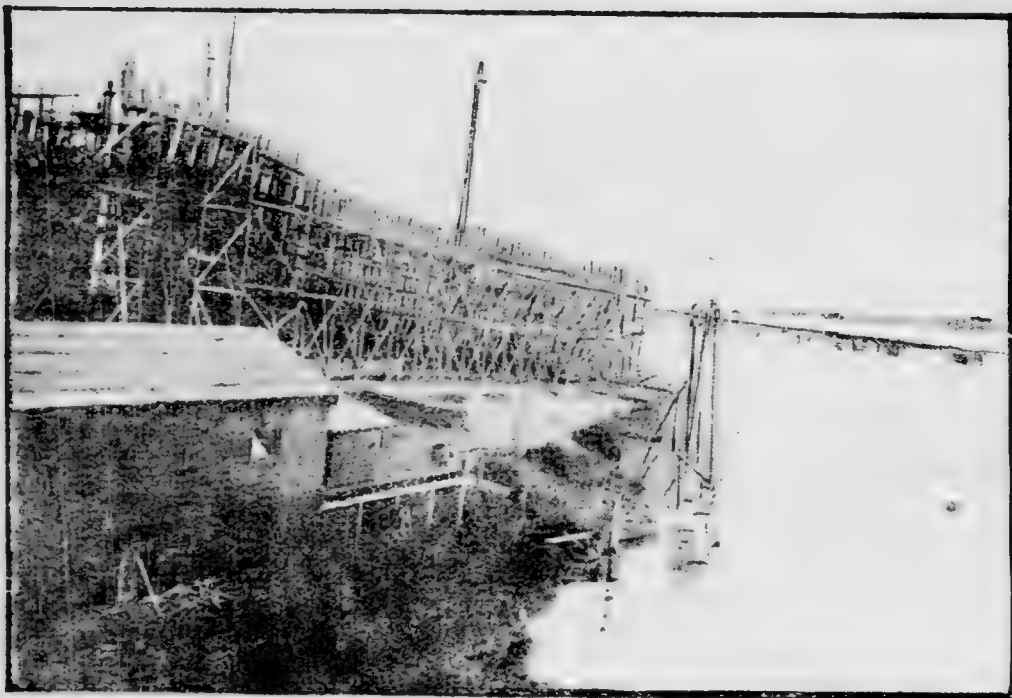
ONLY a choice of evils, my dear," she said quietly. "Of course, none of those costly, well-kept wives who are on your visiting list will call upon me. But instead of having him merely one day at home, instead of making a tired husband work for me day in and day out, sacrificing everything to the necessity of clothing, feeding and humoring me, I'll have all my days free to work for him and with him, like the old-fashioned woman you admire, Lucy. Instead of being an expense, I'll be a help to him. Instead of being separated by marriage and divergent interests, we'll be united by love and common peril. Isn't that the orthodox way to gain character, Theodore?"

"This is all damned nonsense!" exclaimed John, unable to longer control his outraged feelings. "Now look here, you've either got to marry this fellow, if you want him, or else go away and never see him again. Never, I say. That's final."

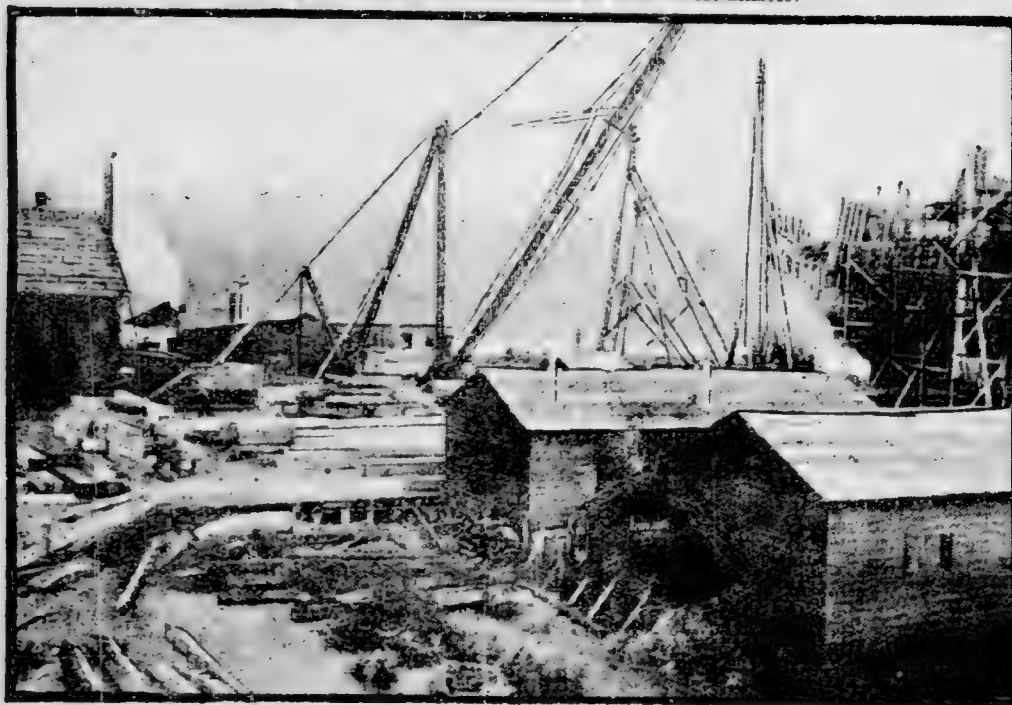
"That's what I thought," returned Helen suavely, "when I ran away to Paris. I thought I'd go away and never see him again. But I'll never try it again. I can't live without him, and I know he cannot live without me. If I didn't love him so much and want to help him so much, I'd marry him and have done with it. But I love him too well. Marriage is just divorce—it's the end of romance, happiness and every sentiment that makes for love."

John, even more infuriated, if possible, by Helen's calm assumption that her logic was unimpeachable, would have

SHIPBUILDING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



Ship in course of construction at New Westminster.



A shipbuilding yard in British Columbia.

SHIPBUILDING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

If history can be relied upon it is just one hundred years since the first ship was built on the Pacific Coast of Canada. A century and a quarter passed without bringing the industry to any immense proportions, but within the last few years shipbuilding has advanced in British Columbia as if by magic. In the summer of 1916 there was one ship, to be valued at half a million dollars, in process of construction in the province. At present the industry represents an investment of \$30,000,000. Nine large vessels, the product of British Columbian enterprise, are now sailing the seas, and thirty-three others, six of which are of steel construction, are either being built or have been contracted for.

The incentives for these gigantic strides in British Columbian shipbuilding have been the demand for ocean tonnage created by the German submarines, and the many extraordinary facilities which the geographical situation of British Columbia and her forest resorts offer for the shipbuilding trade. It was for these reasons that the Imperial Munitions Board selected British Columbia to build twenty-five vessels.

British Columbian shipbuilding is carried on mainly at Vancouver and Victoria, but New Westminster has a yard of considerable proportions at Poplar Island, where four of the ships ordered by the Munitions Board are being constructed. The classes of ships being built are divided into schooners and steamers. The majority are built mainly of wood, but several are made principally of steel. At present the shipyards of Victoria, Vancouver, and New Westminster are engaged in building fifty of these vessels, which will have a gross tonnage of 116,980, and a deadweight capacity of 185,000 tons.

The cost of the material alone that must be applied for the completion of these ships is estimated at \$1,700,000. In order to finance the shipbuilding undertakings, actual and contemplated, the British Columbian Manufacturers' Association is endeavoring to secure a "Shipbuilding Loan" from the Dominion Government.

There is a bright prospect before the shipbuilders of British Columbia. It is possible that the yards there will be making ships for the Australian Government in the near future. Negotiations are now being carried on by the shipbuilders of British Columbia with the Government of the Commonwealth, with a view to securing orders.

Some optimists even go so far as to say that the great ships of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, now plying between Vancouver, Victoria, and countries of the East, when they have lived their allotted time and done their appointed work, may be replaced by other liners, just as magnificent, that may be built in the shipyards of the Canadian Pacific Coast, for it is not likely that industrious British Columbia will ever relax its hold on an undertaking that has begun so auspiciously.

With The Humorists

Rapid Calculator

School Inspector—"Now, my little man, what do five and one make?"
No answer.

Inspector—"Suppose I gave you five dogs and then another dog, how many dogs would you have?"

Small Boy (confidently)—"Seven."

Inspector—"Tut, tut! How would you have seven?"

Small Boy—"Course I should've got a dog o' my own at home."

Well Trained

Throughout the christening ceremony the baby smiled up beautifully into the clergyman's face.

"Well, madam," said he to the young wife, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened more than 2,000 babies, but I never before christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely and said:

"His father and I, with a pail of water, have been practicing on him for the last ten days."

A Choice

Though I am fond of sitting down, I feelingly declare

I'd rather stand all day than sit

Ten minutes in the dentist's chair.

Not Broke Enough

Tailor—"Canst thou give me a cheque on account?"

Cholly—I would, old chap, only I think that I have a balance at the bank.

:: Preparing for the 1918 Crops ::



coming, therefore, rejoiced Port Royal. Leach had many captive women, for it was spring, and the wives and daughters of many a Spanish governor general and port captain had been returning to Spain for the summer months.

He boasted in the Valencia bar that he had brought back the fairest flowers of all Castile. Blackbeard swore vile oaths and said that though he brought but one, he would match her against the wife of the Hispaniola judge, ship for ship and bar for bar, with all Leach's possessions, popular decision to determine the result. The challenge set the city agog. Women sought their jars of powdered flies' feet and burned amber that they themselves, if not contestants, might at least earn the admiring glances of the finest out-throats that are smelled powder smoke.

It was an open air festa. The white tent was carpeted with Persian rugs and Moroccan mats, secured from the vagaries of the wind by weights of bar silver and lighted with hundreds of consecrated wax candles, intended originally for the cathedrals of distant Lima. On seats of silk bales, on red mahogany chests, the gay assemblage gathered, drinking Malaga from the bottle and raising their voices in lusty chanteys and risqué songs.

In the center of the lighted area women danced—bronzed, full-lipped, sensuous creatures, swaying as easily as the slender palms and crazing liquor-fevered blood with their animal abandon. At intervals a pirate would reach out of the laughing circle and grab one, struggling in mock protest, to drag her into the bowers of palm leaves.

Into the great bonfire beyond maudlin men hurled silks and linens, intricately wrought chains and priceless paintings. Fed by the rare oils and unguents, the lurid flames leaped higher. Around and around, in wild frenzy, danced pirates, former convicts and "men of color." Women danced with them, screaming and gyrating until they fell unconscious and were dragged away by the heels.

Over other tumults, over mock prayers and livid curses and fo'c'sle chanteys, rose the great voice of Blackbeard, taunting Leach to make good his promise. Suddenly a giant negro approached. A bugle sounded shrilly, and the assemblage, save only a few drunken roisterers who shouted on heedlessly, became silent.

The giant negro bore a bundle in his arms, all wrapped in red velvet. This he unwound leisurely. Something within stirred and struggled. Then, as if she had been a toy, he whisked away the last fold and placed a slender, yellow-haired woman on her feet in the full glare of the flames.

In the red light her hair and figure looked like a statue graven out of whiter ivory and reddest gold. Only the girl's eyes failed of the illusion of a graven image. They were wide and stark with fear and hate. Yet calmly they swept over the assemblage. It seemed that power of movement was denied the startled crowd.

"That's Marie Gonzalez of Es-trindal!" shouted Leach exultantly. "Be-side whom all other Port Royal beauties are as Afra verphee!"

"Not so!" shouted Blackbeard. "The sea scavenger Leach, looter of native banana outriggers, lies in his throat!"

The assemblage shrieked with delight. From behind the Malabar web-woven screen Blackbeard dragged the struggling and protesting Urraca. About her neck and over her rounded bosom clicked and gleamed the Opals of Arragon, flaming in a thousand molten tints as they vied with the oil-fed flames.

The Great Green Serpent, recently but ill pleased with her sorcery. Tava's prestige on the little island of Anegada was on the wane, another Voodoo priestess from Barbuda having risen high in local favor. Anegada lies out of the beaten path of things. Even the fruit boats disdain it, and occasional tourists venturing over from St. Thomas make haste to leave again, fearing to trust themselves

elected to remain where the women were complaisant, the hospitality was perennial and the Ten Commandments were nonexistent.

The granddaughter of Tava was a lissome lass, with the small feet and hands that bespoke the blood of the Bermuda planter's family and the full lips that harkened back to the Congo jungles.

Her grace was the feline perfection that has made the Alexandria dancing girl a marvel for the world of terpsichore to envy. And in her own light she was a model of propriety, for in Anegada nothing is ever wrong. Her appeal to Tava did not lack for candor.

"Daughter of the Serpent," she began amiably, "groveler in ashes and slaver of babes, I would have the distill from the devil flowers a charm that the yellow haired one may always love me. If it require a 'kid without horns' I myself shall procure one from the 'red leg' family now encamped on the Cay. Tomorrow I would have it. It must make his eyes look always toward me. If it does not so perhaps I myself shall fire your hut while you sleep. You are old and ugly, and the great devil wishes you for his own!"

Tava did not meditate long upon this respectful requisitioning of her occult powers. The situation demanded no delay. Her little hut, anchored by interwoven fibers to the tentacles of a great uprooted pimento tree,

suggested an immediate field for research work. A full moon would rise but shortly after 9 o'clock. A peculiar fungus that grew in newly agitated soil always placated the Great Green Serpent if properly boiled with dried blood and powdered shark teeth. She hung her amulet—a femur of the genus homo—to the ridge pole and delved feverishly with an iron bar.

It grated presently against something that emitted a metallic clink. Hopeful of a buried image—many such had been dug up by more fortunate Voodoo practitioners—she delved deeper. A corner of a red cedar chest was unearthed. Vaguely reminiscent of ancient rumors of buried treasures, she clawed the soft earth with her hands. The magic fungus was forgotten.

The captive ship's carpenter who had framed its angles a century before apparently had builded well. The bands of soft copper still held the chest snugly closed. But for an object expected to hold gold coin and silver bars it was disappointingly light. She pried the lid open.

An odor as of stale steam and rotten wood assailed her nostrils. Within was a strange green, moldy mass, exuding great air bubbles that broke with tiny sounds as she agitated the contents. They seemed to consist of layer upon layer of aged, rotten silks. Within, wrapped in parchment, was something heavier. She unwrapped it eagerly, and in her hands, heavy and brilliant, the wicked coils of the Opals of Arragon met her gaze, lurid flames glinting in their depths.

Again she prodded into the depths. The foul fabric crumpled into tatters, revealing three bottles. She held them against the light. Two gleamed crimson with the ruby tints of the Malaga wine that the long dead pirate had been pleased to preserve with his other treasures. The third was a rich amber hue, the fine, clear honey color of old Port Royal rum. The town itself had slipped beneath the sea, but the rum compounded of sprouted corn and smashed to-



The hag resumed her stirring of the mystic mess in the kettle.

She cowered in his grasp, and perceiving that her disheveled hair and crouching posture contrasted but poorly with the other entrant's chili hauteur, he drew her up sharply, pinioning her arms to her sides and turning her toward the drunken throng.

"Blackbeard!" they shouted. "Blackbeard's wench wins!"

All but Leach burst out in laughter. Suddenly the white figure with the yellow hair crumpled forward on the rich Oriental rug. The other girl glanced dazedly about her. A new light burned in her eyes. She turned and stared at Blackbeard. She lifted one loop of the opals and crunched it in her teeth. Blood trickled from the red lips. But her maimed laughter rose clear above the drunken tumult of the maudlin throng.

In the firelight the Opals of Arragon seemed a corselet of living flame.

Tava, Obeah high priestess, was again seeking herbs for the magic potions.

where there are no regularly constituted police or pure whites.

Among the black, dun and tan, the cream, coffee and chocolate colored inhabitants Voodooism is the true religion. Of the rival priestesses Tava, grandmother of the beautiful fawn-colored Rosamar, enjoyed highest favor. Tava's Indian, negro and Arab blood gave her in youth a surpassing beauty and in age an incomparable ugliness. Her daughter, Rita Ann, so named after a member of the Bermuda family in which Tava had served, by reason of the eldest son's fancy, was whiter of skin and fairer of feature. She captivated the mate of a Dutch tramp, and of that transient infatuation Rosamar remained as sole evidence.

Rosamar had but recently come to Tava for potions to make a sandy-haired, freckle-faced and unmistakably Caucasian beach-comber steadfast in his rather tentative affections. He had been dropped ashore by a Bahama sponger and had

When Christianity Became Organized

The International Sunday-School Lesson For January 13th Is:
"Jesus Begins His Work."—Mark 1:12-20.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Jesus identifies himself with the big crowd of plain people. He was one of "the masses." A toiler and the son of a toiler; He was in such close fellowship with the working man that He was called "the Carpenter." Dr. Van Dyke has written truly:

"But I think the King of that country comes out from His tireless host.

And walks in this world of the weary, as if He loved it the most; And here in the duty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim, He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him."

No Buddha immured in lonely and ascetic contemplation was He, but a real man touching life on all levels, and yet closest to the dust-grimed and sweaty crowd of common people. The modern fashion of preaching Christ as the best Brother of all mankind, who loved them up to the level of life and the limitless measure of death, is as near to "the simple gospel" as preaching can get.

Lining Up With The Crowd.

A snob wants to emphasize the differences between himself and the mass of mankind; a Saviour stresses the points of likeness. This lesson upon the baptism and the temptation of Jesus, has one great message: the identity of the Master with the life and lot of people. He was at constant pains to associate himself with the sorrows, and toils and joys and hopes and religious aspirations of the big crowd of us.

John's preaching was not perfect; it was only a preparation; none the less, Jesus insisted that He be publicly enrolled as one of John's crowd. A lot of conceited persons think the Church is not perfect and not quite up to their standard; and so refuse to unite with it. To all such may be commended the example of Jesus: He joined John's church. He found the best crowd and stood with it. No idle, carping critic He.

Each in his place standing for the best he knows and not withholding open allegiance to the best and most hopeful organization God has provided, is the programme of progress. Open and public confession by church membership is the council conveyed by the example of Jesus in His Baptism. He wanted to be counted among the friends of God on earth. That way comes Christian solidarity.

A Real Man's Battle.

After exaltation comes depression; the ecstatic experience of baptism, when the heavens opened and the Father attested His approval of the Son, was succeeded by the temptation in the wilderness. Jesus went apart awhile; to take the measure and meaning of himself, His new experience and His mission. Every normal person understands the mood. Jesus wants to get away from the crowd; to be alone with himself and God.

But He did not get away from the devil. Modern philosophy is inclined to ignore the devil; substituting devilish tendencies in humanity. Personally, I prefer to think better of man and accept Satan. Everybody who has lifted his eyes six inches from the rim of a book knows that there are forces in the world which make for unrighteousness. The ugly thing called sin is no mere theological term; it is a fact of life.

A successful business man sat opposite me and said, "I tell you, I know men and I know myself and it is only the grace of God that keeps me from tumbling over into the volcano." That man was not talking about any metaphysical or subjective errors; he meant gross sins, such as the law of the land recognizes as crime. Yet he is a good man, made such, he avows, only by the religion of the tempted Christ.

No Sham Fight.

Into such battles as this—the kind which most upright men know as more real experiences than any struggle in business—Jesus went. He fought the fight that no good man can escape; and He fought it with no weapons that may not be ours.

It was no sham battle that Jesus waged. He could have fallen even as we may fall. It was possible for Him to sin; otherwise the experience of the Temptation would have been "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Sturdy words need to be spoken on this point, to meet the misconception of those who would amassulate the Temptation; and Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett has spoken them: "Whatever else my Lord shall be to me, He shall not be a counterfeit man, exposed to counterfeit fire, a mere stage fire, a man played upon by harmless sheet lightning and never moving amid the

dread bolts and forked flame. His shall not be the sham fight and mine the real struggle, or He can be no leader to me. He felt the real heat of the fire, and felt the fascination of the real seduction. Jesus of Nazareth had the real devil to meet and the real battle to wage, and the garlands on His noble brow were nobly won."

A Three Battle War.

To the mind of the lonely, spent, and hungry young man, worn with his long vigil of forty foodless days, the Temptation appeared. There is no need to apparel him in horns and hoofs; the devil wears evening clothes oftener than the rig of red.

A well fed man may not be tempted by food; but a starving man may. It is amazing how the elemental wants, food, shelter, warmth, appeal to even the highest reason. And Jesus was hungry. So Satan had him turn the stones into bread. Now it surely was God's will that His Son should be fed—but not in Satan's way. Better hunger than dishonor. Allegiance to evil is too high a price to pay for life.

More subtle was the second onslaught. When Jesus would not respond to a physical allurements, he was attacked in his faith. These spiritual temptations are usually more powerful than those of the flesh. "Prove yourself and God by casting yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple; the angels will bear you up," said the Evil One glib to quote Scripture. Faith exercised needlessly and at sin's behest, is folly.

The third allurements was to take a short cut to his dominion and kingdom by compromising with the devil. "I'll agree to let you have the world if you will acknowledge yourself feudatory to me. Let me be overlord and you may be King of kings." This was nothing else than the common temptation to compromise; "the end justifies the means." By the devil's programme Jesus would escape shame and sorrow and rejection and Calvary. But he knows that God's crowns are to be earned in God's way, so he cried "Get thee hence, Satan, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God."

The Hills Of Home.

Nearly a year elapsed between the temptation of Jesus and his calling of the first disciples. Jesus had turned his face back to Galilee, his boyhood home. Amid the excitement of life in Jerusalem his human heart often turned longingly toward the sweet hills over which he had ranged in boyhood. He longed for a sight of the wild-flowers that he loved, and for the fresh breezes that blow over Galilee. The heart of man is hungry for home; no other spot on earth ever seems quite so attractive as that in which he spent his boyhood.

The big heavy boats of Galilee—I have ridden in them, and I have seen them half filled with fish—could not be handled by one man; they needed team work. Jesus called to his service men who were used to working with men. That is a first quality for success in organized service. The ability to get along with fellow workers, and to help and be helped, neither overrating nor underrating an associate, is a talent which often counts for more than genius.

What if James and John, with approved business sagacity, had replied to the invitation of the Master, "Can't you see that it is obviously impossible for us to leave our nets. Business is business and it must come first." They certainly did not realize the uniqueness of the opportunity that had come to them in the voice of Jesus. They could not see ahead. But they were willing to follow the best that beckoned. They put religion above revenue, belief above business, the Prophet above profits. They saw a gleam of new life, and by following it they became transformed and transformers. Christians today are being confronted with a crisis which means as much to them as the call meant to the Galilean fishermen. New summonses to new service in new ways are being sounded by Providence. The man who lets his own material entanglements hold him is deaf to the higher call of the hour. Many a man of affairs drops his business and puts himself at the disposal of the Y. M. C. A. for service at home or abroad. Thousands of young men are turning away from office and farm and factory and college life to lay down their lives in defense of righteousness.

The Cause

"Do you understand the cause of the girl's quarrel?"
"Well, I'm told it was six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a khaki suit."

Seven Sentence Sermon

Folks never understand the folks they hate.—Lowell.

The secret of satisfaction in life is self-control.—Frank Crane.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.—Kipling.

What we get we must earn, if it is to be truly ours.—David Starr Jordan.

And in like manner the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity; for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.—Rob. 8:26.

Of all thoughts of God that are borne inward into souls afar, Along the Psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if there any is, For gift or grace surpassing this,— "He giveth His beloved sleep."

—Mrs. Browning.

Meditation is the great storehouse of our spiritual dynamics, where divine energies lie hid for any enterprise and the hero is strengthened for his field.—J. Martineau.



Notes on and Off the Line

For the first time a British work is to be produced at the Paris Opera House, namely, Mr. Raymond Roze's Joan of Arc. The proceeds are to go to the French Red Cross funds.

Pope remarked in his essay on Criticism, what is just as truly to be remarked today, that some to church repair.

"Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

This has been so well recognized that it is quite usual nowadays for churches to offer, and advertise, musical programs to draw those who would not otherwise attend.

To intensely spiritual minds religion is a kind of poetry, functioning by nature, and of right, in a vast, vague world of instinctive feeling, rather than in the more circumscribed domain of definitive thought and articulate expression. Similarly, in the words of Henry Giles, "The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but emotions. Music, in the works of its greatest masters, is more marvellous, more mysterious, than poetry."

With a woman's vision, Onida declares, "Music is not a science any more than poetry is. It is a sublime instinct, like genius of all kinds." And Mrs. Stowe, again with a woman's perception, sees how the very indefiniteness of music makes it more truly identical with spiritual things. Comparing it with an art of comparatively definite workmanship, she remarks, "Where painting is weakest, namely, in the expression of the highest moral and spiritual ideas—there music is sublimely strong."

The function of all art is not definition, but suggestion. And, as Tuckerman says, "Without the definiteness of sculpture and painting, music is, for that very reason, far more suggestive." In the words of Hugh R. Hawley, "It utters what must else remain for ever unuttered and unutterable; it feeds that deep ineradicable instinct within us, of which all art is only the reverberated echo, that craving to express, through the medium of the senses, the spiritual and eternal realities which underlie them."

Simms also senses the essence and function of music, when he asserts: "It is a bird-flight of the soul when the heart declares itself in song. The affections that clothe themselves with wings are passions that have been subdued to virtues." Though more prosaically expressed, the thought of Henry Ward Beecher is much the same: "Music cleanses the understanding, inspires it, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself."

As an art, Luther, churchman that he was, puts music second only to theology. But music is to some far more. Byron asserts, "There is music in all things if men had ears." And Carlyle says, "See deep enough, and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it." So Milton prays: "Dissolve me into ecstasies And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Mme. Louise Homer, the celebrated American contralto who was heard in recital at Massey Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, January 8th, is making an extensive concert tour this season, the longest in fact that she has ever made. Last spring and summer she sang in

more than 15 war benefit concerts, raising approximately \$40,000.

It is an unpardonable sin to have a musical instrument in the house and allow it to fall into disuse through carelessness. Some people purchase an instrument, use it unceasingly for a few months, and then gradually let other occupations and other pleasures crowd out the enjoyment of the music until the source of the pleasure becomes a mere article of furnishing in the home.

Perhaps the parents start their child taking music lessons. When the novelty of the practice gives way to the realization that faithful and persistent practice is necessary, the child naturally commences a series of schemes to avoid the irksome grind. The parents take the path of least resistance by giving way to the objector and the lessons are discontinued.

Again, it may be the member of a choir drumming over the hymns and anthems during the week until he or she gets the run of the music for the Friday night practice. This choir member makes steady headway. The leader notices the improvement, ascertains the reason for it, is greatly encouraged, and thinks he has the makings of a future soloist. But the home preparation stops, the steady improvement drops off, and there is a slipping back.

May be it is a mother who manages to spend a few minutes at the piano every day. The children hear some music regularly and they are beginning to see the beauties of certain tunes, beginning to show a love for their mother's playing and singing, when the mother lets just a few days slip by without touching the piano; then a fortnight goes by between times, then a month, until the hour of music is a rare occurrence.

To thus lose one's grip on music is a poor policy. This principle is well illustrated by our Canadian army at the front. The boys shave every morning. It freshens a man, helps him sustain his pride and self-respect. Permit soldiers to grow careless and you will soon have them downhearted. Have them shave every day and they buck up. If you ever let down you begin to slip. So it is good to guard against going any length of time without having some music. Don't let the musical instrument in your home fall into disuse.

The Wonder Of Russian Singing

The soul and the spirit of Russia, cramped by unfavorable external conditions, have reached out and found expression in the native folk songs. Russian people were always music loving. Their folk songs are most exquisite. They worked their way through convention and prejudice. Profound gloom and hopeless despair of their long depression, the endlessness and deep monotony of the Russian steppes, the historical tragedy of their life as well as their natural ability and good humor are echoed not only in their folk songs but in the greater works of their great composers. In spite of ever-lasting need and poverty, of vodka, and prison, the Russian communities always gathered on a glorious summer night to sing, dance, and play. Listen to the long drawn, sad notes of the "Volga" song and there is nothing which should make your heart long more for the unknown. Hear "Jak do tebe hodito," a humorous song, and you can't help thinking life very enjoyable. Behold the Russian when he lets himself free from the "Kasatchik" (a national Russian dance full of vigor and humor developed into the most wonderful national ballet) and you have seen nothing wilder, nothing gayer—you have never laughed more in all your life!

America knows Russian composers and artists—Elman, Zimbalist, Heifetz, Godowsky, Galbrilowitch, Didur, Chaliapine, and others are beloved here. Tchaikowsky, Rubenstein, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Glazunoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and many others have added a glorious page to the history of music.

Now when Russia is drunk with freedom to a point of irresponsibility, we can hope that the near future will redeem and save her, and streams of light will search the darkest and remotest corners. And the nation will arise and tell her great aims in musical phrase. Music will be no more a privilege of the venturesome and fortunate, but will be democratized and legalized into a sweeping mass movement which will bring to the musical altar of the world greater pearls and higher ideals.

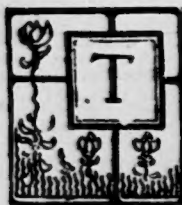
Confessing

"An' so you're goin' to teach French at the school, Mr. Canewell?" said the grocer's wife. "Well, it's as well that some folk can teach people, for I often think it must be shockin' difficult for furriers who come here. For instance, take the word 'air' for example. There's the 'air on our heads, the hair of the atmosphere, the 'are they' 'unts, and air you quite well? Yes, it must be awful confusin'."

OPALS OF ARRAGON

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



THE Moorish dancing girl—erstwhile favorite of Sahdir Hafiz, former lord of Khan Azar Castle, whose skeleton now reposed in the mud of the moat—swayed languorously to the music

of two harps and a lute. It was a capital performance and the retainers of Juan de Ojeda applauded right lustily. The dancing girl was a slender, cream-fainted creature, with the liquid eyes and full lips that bespeak the true Circassian.

She had learned her art under the incomparable Kanazi of Constantinople, whose black eunuchs were schooled to stand on the edge of the velvet mat, ready to flick an ungracefully postured hip or shoulder with a lash that tortured like vitriol. Ayaari, they called her, and Sahdir Hafiz had purchased her with silk bales and gold, pirated in the blue waters of the western Mediterranean.

It had been an indiscreet investment, for even then the legions of Arragon were stirring, inspired by the eloquence of the padres who preached holy war against the Saracens, then desecrating Christian soil with pagan rites. In the sacking of Khan Azar—part of it was consecrated as a mosque—the warriors of the black-bearded de Ojeda fairly outdid themselves. Of all who lived within the castle when the pennons of Arragon fluttered in the breeze the morning of the attack, but one survived the sunset.

That one was Ayaari, Circassian chattel, and creature of many men in diverse moods. Don de Ojeda himself tried to caress her, and she scratched his bearded face in parallel rows until the blood trickled into his curly beard. The proud-est dames of Castile had smiled upon de Ojeda. He took it ill that a Moorish dancing girl should mar his features.

"Madre de Dios!" he howled. "Trice up this spitting hell-cat and let her learn through the hide the folly of fighting the flower of Spanish nobility!"

A YAAH accepted the flogging—administered with military pomp and publicity—with inscrutable eyes and a stoic refusal to faint or wax hysterical that compelled the admiration of the rough soldiers of the Velvet Duke. He himself professed vastly enhanced esteem for the chastened damsel.

"Such spirit!" he declaimed in his cups, "is worthy of Christian saint no less than of damned Saracen infidel. She is a worthy ornament to any household. Look you well that you covet me not the possession of her, or Toledo steel will ring a requiem in the court!"

So far as Ayaari was concerned, the scratching episode, with its painful and humiliating denouement, was a mere incident, cosmic with a dancing girl's garbled universe. She found the big, bearded Spaniard rather preferable to the sallow, slender and almost effeminate Moorish nobleman. And after the drunken banquets it befitted her sensual pride that she should sway so alluringly in scantiest of draperies, coveted by the bravest warriors of Arragon and Castile.

For these occasions the duke himself brought from the treasure chest of the de Ojeda house the most wonderful of corselets. It was linked over the girl's slender neck and rounded breasts with tiny chains of hammered gold. From the throat to the waist it glittered green and red and purple, like the fires of Vesuvius at dusk. When first the bearded Spaniard flashed it before her eyes Ayaari blinked as blinded.

"Opals!" he boomed; "two hundred odd, and the largest and finest in all the world. No sultan's favorite ere wore the like! He slipped them over the jet hair and creamy shoulders and stood back to watch the effect.

Down the centuries, sinister and beautiful, went the Opals of Arragon. A gripping tale of the pirates on the Spanish main

The girl stood limned against the crimson draperies and threw back her rounded arms, so that the great glowing stones would click and glitter. Her lips were raised temptingly, and in her shadowy eyes, lengthened with powdered amber and lampblack, burned a feline consciousness of her grace. De Ojeda, lover of many women, encircled her in his arms. Against his chain mail the opal chains rasped and tinkled.

"Infidel though you are," he swore with bearded lips, "the virgin herself was not more beautiful."

WITH her soft arms around his neck, Ayaari stared past him. The parted portieres revealed a thin, sallow face, tapering to a Van Dyke beard. Her subtle, dark eyes met his shrewd blue ones and then turned as abruptly away. The furtive visage was that of Pedro the Blonde, hero of strange voyages to newly discovered and far-off America. In the eight years that men had come and gone in Khan Azar, during de Ojeda's regime, Ayaari had seen none so handsome.

Together, upon the highest castellated tower, where the moonlight cast concealing purple shadows, they talked of the new world.

"The Opals of Arragon," whispered Pedro, "they are fair indeed against your olive skin and scanty enough garb at best, as the saints will bear me witness. But in Cadiz they would outfit two twelve-gun caravels. You will sail with me—not north, as other fools are sailing, but south again, from Hispaniola. There is the true El Dorado!"

"In—in this El Dorado," whispered Ayaari, "are there any women beautiful as me?" Ayaari had known many men.

"By all accounts," responded Pedro the Blonde, "they are all coffee-colored creatures with flat faces." Pedro had been a court gallant and he knew well the feminine heart.

"Then I go with you," whispered the girl, and she raised her red lips for his kiss.

The white moon of Arragon cast shadows along the corridor. Juan de Ojeda sped swiftly after the spiritlike form of Ayaari. Ever she was ahead of him, alluring, tantalizing, her slender figure garbed in red silk and encircled with the pale flame of the opals. De Ojeda's cheeks were flushed with the red wine and words of love stumbled over his thick lips into the black beard.

"Thou art beautiful," he reiterated, only half-comprehendingly. "Beautiful and fiery as the Opals of Arragon. I—"

Pedro's Toledo blade, biting suddenly out of the purple shadows, sliced his gleaming mail like silk. Then horses clattered over the drawbridge and a man and a girl sped across the moat where reposed the bones of Sahdir Hafiz, erstwhile lord of Khan Azar.

The ponderous galleon yawed sluggishly, fired a desultory volley, and then made hopeless efforts at flight. The trimmer and smaller craft closed rapidly, firing broadside after broadside into the oak-ribbed Spaniard. Wearing round her stern with easy assurance, so low as to foil the deflected cannonades of the Dona, the pirate craft poured in a raking fire. Flames licked up the open ports of the treasure ship and glowed luridly on the high poop.

Blackbeard, his red face aglow with demoniacal triumph, the tapers alight in his long, curly whiskers, supplanted the

devil for victory and led the boarders. The burning spars of the galleon lit the bloody decks as the buccaneers poured over the side. The huddled knot of soldiers and sailors made but feeble resistance.

In the after cabins the returning Governor of Hispaniola attempted the last act of mercy for his daughter, Urraca Celeste. But the blade of the dagger, just as it reached the pendant of the great rope of opals, was knocked aside.

"Would you spoil so pretty a damsel when Blackbeard himself covets her?"

In the dimly-lit cabin the face of Blackbeard, lighted by the wax tapers that flamed in his beard and hair, looked like the fiend from hell that the Spaniards believed him to be.

"Mother of God!" screamed the girl. She clutched for the knife that had fallen from Governor General Estremadura's nerveless hand. But she had failed of her purpose. Blood was splattered over the elderly Castilian gentleman's gray beard and on the immaculate creases of his white ruff. He swayed forward and fell upon the leopard skin rug. His silks and velvets gleamed in the light of the burning shrouds.

Blackbeard grasped one white shoulder with a huge fist and turned the half-conscious girl around to the door. The thick, bloody fingers of the other hand, trembling with drunken eagerness, fingered the opal corselet. They reflected the light of the tapers in a thousand splinters of flame, as if the eyes of the damned looked through them aglitter with satisfaction over the evil end of another tall ship of old Castile.

It was dawn in the Caribbean when Blackbeard's buccaneers rowed their loot back to the Merrie Anne. Against the still gray western sky the Spanish treasure galleon was an inferno of crackling flame. Suddenly the powder magazine hurled its maniac might against the oak ribs of the flaming hulk. Embers rose skyward for a thousand feet, then drifted like miniature comets over the surface of the gleaming sea.

Some of them dropped into the long-boat, causing the buccaneers to curse villainously and slap them out with crimson hands. In the stern sat Blackbeard the Damned with the sole survivor of the Santa Veronica, the lady Urraca Celeste of the ancient house of Estremadura. She sobbed weakly in the last stages of exhausted emotion.

ANON her lips moved silently, supplicating the Virgin for the succor that had not been forthcoming from the young gallants who had paid her court in the brief months she had lived as mistress of her father's household. Lady Urraca was 18 years of age, beautiful as dawn in the tropic seas and innocent as the seclusion of the convent at Madrid well might make her.

She slept at last, and in his cabin Blackbeard's lips sprawled over the crumpled rose petal mouth that sighed in dreams and muttered the name of her father and the Holy Mother. Coil against coil clicked the Opals of Arragon, red and green and white in successive moods of fiery light. The pirate chief fingered them thoughtfully.

"Many a fair dame's neck has gleamed with them," he muttered. "Queens and courtisans and the half-caste favorites of the grandees of mighty Spain!"

The Merrie Anne was beating into the trades again, her destination the sordid

glories of Port Royal. It was a gala week in the old pirate rendezvous. Ladd was in from the looting of the Grand Mogul convoy, freighted with gold bullion for Madrid, and Leach had dropped anchor after three months in the Brazilian roadstead, levying toll for clearance on all the Portuguese ships that left the colony.

Port Royal—mecca for the flotsam of the world—rejoiced in the coming of the Merrie Anne. For beside Blackbeard's ingenuity for tortures and festivities, the other pirate chiefs were as sucking babes. Up and down the streets swagged the crews of the most dreaded buccaneers and freebooters of those troublous days. Swarthy and fair, blonde and black, appared in silks from Cadiz and satins from Alexandria, diamonds gleaming on sword hilts and earrings, rubies glittering in solid ropes around their bullock necks, the dandies of the Jolly Roger ogled the half-caste girls and swore blasphemous oaths that their particular chief was the most callous and bloodthirsty in the business.

Women sauntered with them—simpering mestizas, fiery Spanish girls, hard-eyed English convicts, bound for slavery under the lash in Virginia and diverted by capture to freedom and license in the Virgin Isles; listless and dispirited gentlewomen, part of the "loot" of some sanguinary encounter with honest merchantmen; women black and yellow and pink-and-white, all eagerly embracing or utterly resigned to the life they led, all creatures of idle fancy and potential victims of feminine rivalry or masculine berserker rage.

IN THE little shops the merchants—unquestioning of the antecedents of the cargoes—sorted and repacked the silks and satins, the wines and spices, the gold bullion and silver bars, the mahogany chests and graven ivory and ornamental clocks inlaid with jade that had concluded tortuous voyages from the Indies, East and West, from all ports of the seven seas, to a final illicit haven in Port Royal.

By tacit understanding these things, once repacked, never found their way back, for it is an axiom of ancient and modern thievery that even the most depraved of criminals must have honest dealings with some one. From any other port in the world the cargoes cleared under peril of capture. From Port Royal they went forth unharmed to a final destination in the colonies or Europe. Once looted and sold, the pirates of the Spanish main kept faith with their "fences" or smuggling go-betweens.

So to Port Royal, city of iniquity, came in time all "gentlemen of fortune." There they drank the rare vintages of France and Italy, wore the silks of the Orient and gambled the gold of the Incas and the jewels of the Indies—for wines or ships or captive gentlewomen.

Against the green tropic hills floated the fair flags of a score of nations, for only when entering battle did the Jolly Roger fling its leering skull and crossbones to the breeze. Standing off and on in the roadstead was the vigilant sentinel sloop, and on the higher hills, in crow's-nest covert, amid the palms, the scrutiny for avenging frigates was ceaselessly maintained.

Only Blackbeard himself flew the Jolly Roger in port. He boasted when far gone in rum that the devil and he had a thorough understanding of the race he was to run. But always he swore that it was but at the beginning, and he had full fifty years ahead of him. Yet when he awoke in the night he screamed that the evil one was at his throat and sat up with the beads of sweat trickling down his chalky face into his long beard.

With returning dawn came his old assurance, and he spat upon priceless paintings of the saints by Murillo and Velasquez and swore that his terror was but the rum working in his brain. His

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

—Fuller.

Gossip of Books of the Day

Challenge To Pacifists and Conscientious Objectors

Occupying a unique position among the Christian ministers of America—a Syrian by birth, a "countryman of the Master"—Abraham Mitrie Rihbany comes forward with a challenge to those pacifists and "conscientious objectors" who find apology for their attitude towards the war in their interpretation of the teachings of Christ, and who quote from his utterances to show that he was a "peace-at-any-price man," a supreme non-resistant, an advocate of peace and an opponent of war under any and all circumstances.

His latest book is entitled "Militant America and Jesus Christ," published by Houghton Mifflin company, and in this book he meets the "Christian pacifists" on their own ground. "These honest exponents of Christ," he says, "have chosen from among his sayings such passages as can easily be interpreted so as to fit their own preconceptions."

The Syrian Interpretation.

The sayings of Jesus bearing upon peace and war are to be interpreted, he says, with reference to the environment, the customs and the peculiarities of race and temperament of the people among whom he preached. He was a religious teacher, a revealer of the higher life, who went about his work after the manner of Oriental teachers, conversing with his kinsmen by means of a parable and story.

"Suppose he asks, that in one of their curious moments the leaders of his people had come to Jesus and asked Him: 'Teacher, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to go to war?' What would his answer have been? In my judgment the Master would have answered such a hypothetical question in the negative. He would have taken a decisive stand for peace."

"But suppose, on the other hand, that in time of actual danger this question had been put to Jesus: 'Teacher, what thinkest thou? A great terror is upon us. A mighty nation lusting for world dominion has come forth to battle and to conquer. For a whole generation her government has been shaping the minds of her citizens to fit this purpose. She has put to the sword men, women and children. She has incited 3,000,000 Mohammedans to rise and massacre their Christian neighbors. She is sweeping whole countries with fire and sword, threatening the very foundation of human freedom. Teacher, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful for us to rise and resist the aggression of this mighty power by force of arms or covert bondage for ourselves and children?'

What Christ Would Have Said.

"Is it possible for anyone to think that Jesus Christ would have answered such a question by saying, 'No, let the giant have his way; resist him not? Would he not have said rather, 'They that take the sword (for aggression) shall perish by the sword—arise, ye brave, and check the tide of lust for worldly power and dominion, for in such a cause whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life shall save it.'"

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," is one of the sayings of Christ that has been seized upon by pacifists as the main support of their position. "But they have wrongly discerned the Scriptures," says Doctor Rihbany. "In these words Jesus speaks of the eternal law of retribution and plainly justifies the taking of the sword against those who would use it in wars of aggression. How else could those who take the sword perish by the sword?"

Referring to the oft quoted fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning with the thirty-eighth verse: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also," Doctor Rihbany says:

"We can make these words mean complete and unqualified non-resistance and subjection to aggression only by tearing them out, not only from the rest of the Testament, but from their setting in Oriental thought and life and by ignoring the conduct of the Master himself. To me, as one who was brought up under almost the identical conditions of life which formed the Master's own environ-

ment, these sayings are perfectly natural and clear. As tribes and clans we lived a life of mutual antagonism; blood relationship only formed for us a centre of unity. Even among the inhabitants of the same town, each clan considered the other clans as its enemies. . . . So did the ancient Israelites live, not only with alien clans, but among the chosen people themselves, to a considerable extent. . . . It is amazing to me now, when I recall the days of my youth in Syria, to think how slight were the causes which often brought about a fight among individuals and clans.

As to Turning the Check.

"Now, in view of these facts, even as briefly stated, can anyone fail to realize the Master's meaning in these hyperbolic Oriental sayings; was it not most natural for Christ to advise his fellow countrymen to live with one another on terms of mutual friendliness, and not on terms of mutual antagonism; to cherish love and not hatred, and not to be so quick to render evil for evil?"

"Let me now call attention to Jesus' own conduct with reference to those sayings. In the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke's gospel, the thirty-first verse, occurs the following passage: 'In that very hour, there came certain Pharisees, saying to him, Get thee out and go hence; for Herod would fain kill thee. And he said unto them, Go and say to that fox, Behold, I cast out demons and perform cures today and tomorrow, and the third day I am perfected. Nevertheless I must go on my way today and tomorrow and the day following; for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem.' Here the evidence is clear that Jesus did not mean to teach slavish obedience to unreasonable demands."

CRISP Review of New Books Wide Range of Subjects Covered

There seems to be something in the British Columbia climate that makes the muse for there are a number of that province who have turned to verse to express their thoughts. The latest addition to the list is Carrall Atkins of Naramata, whose volume, "Poems" has been published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston. The writings of Mr. Atkins are well worthy of perusal. His verses are his recreation, for his occupation is the management of a 100-acre orchard which is said to be the model orchard of the province. He is a nephew of Lieut.-Governor Sir James Atkins of Manitoba.

A sample sonnet from the collection follows:

"IN THE ORCHARD"

I see God in my orchard every hour,
And in the downward pulses of the sun
I feel his heart beat, and I feel the power
Of pregnancy in every passing shower;
And still I find His infinite spirit spun
In bud and blossom, and His bidding done
By amber bees, and many a pollinated flower
With mating song and silent orison.

And when night hovers over field and grove
With shadowy plumage, and all creatures sleep,
Still on the guardian water keep
A lamping vigil with His stars above.
And in the vast, unventured hills I see
The awful measure of His mastery.

There is some virile and bitter verse in a little war book called "The Shell," by Mr. A. C. Stewart (Mr. William Briggs, Toronto). The book is weirdly shaped like a shell and dedicated to the Chivalrous Sons of Canada, to the Native-born and his Foster Brother, and to the Boy who from the Battlefield of Vimy wrote to his mother that he had "borne himself like a Canadian." Such is the name won for Canadians by our fighting men.

The poem which gives Mr. Stewart's shell-shaped volume its title begins:

Little Bits About Books and Authors

Flight Lieut. Albert H. Munday is the author of "The Eyes of the Army and Navy," a text book of practical aviation sent out by the Mussen Book Co., Limited, Toronto. This book grew out of Lieut. Munday's conclusion, after much burning of midnight oil for his own studies, that a book which should not be too hard for the student to fathom, was needed. He has seen active service as an aviator and his book is copiously illustrated.

"Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases," by Grenville Kleiser, is styled by the publishers, the Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, "A practical handbook of pertinent expressions and striking similes." Words that go well with each other such as "abandoned hope," "abated pride," are classified, as are prepositional phrases, literary expressions, etc.

In "Generals of the British Army," one of the chapters will tell the life story of General Byng.

The Imperial Year Book for Canada, 1917-18, is edited by A. E. Southall, assisted by C. H. Moody, and is published by the Mortimer Co., Ltd., Ottawa. The editor calls attention to numerous tables showing the growth in various departments of Canadian activity; and to special articles on "Canada's Foreign Trade," "The Allies' Economic Conference" and "Empire Trade."

"The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

The "The Year-Book of Wireless on Telegraphy and Telephony" for 1917, published by the Wireless Press, Limited, of London, and sent out by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. Also, writes on "The Wire."

joys and breadth and depth of which finally made him an expatriate.

Mr. James recalls delightful breakfasts involving absorbing intellectual meetings. He saw Tennyson. He talked with George Eliot face to face. He is full of memories of the literary great under good Queen Victoria.

More Billy Letters Carry On The First

Among books written by soldiers and compilations of soldiers' diaries, the first letters from Billy, a Canadian subaltern, stood out distinctly in their unaffected and fresh boyishness. In this second volume smaller than the first, Billy carries on with unabated enthusiasm for whatever is fair and square and above board. His good nature bubbles up incessantly. He describes a soldier as having a face "as cheerful as the back of a train you should have caught"; and when he was sent wounded to England he was entertained in a house with a butler attachment and a valet who worried him. "If one takes out a cigarette," wailed Billy, "before the case is closed he (the valet) is there with a lighted match, and I do so love to light my own cigarettes. I think I'll ask him to let me blow out the match one of these times."

Not always was Billy in such luxurious surroundings; he had his share of mud and weariness, his overwhelming moments of sorrow and pity. He wept without restraint or shame in the presence of the distracted soldier gone blind; but daunted for long he could not be and his reader-friends will invariably find him standing to.

Mr. Copplestone has more than a little of the talent for writing mystery stories of the type rendered famous by Conan Doyle. The stories contained in the book before us are concerned with the activities of the British Secret Service and the author corroborates general opinion in pronouncing it highly efficient.

The stories all have the air of being pretty close to fact and it is probable that most of the details are based on real occurrences. Kitchener, Fisher, Jellicoe and Churchill appear under various aliases, the last named is easily identified by a conversation in which he states that unless a certain manoeuvre is carried out the British public will lose their faith in him.

"They may lose their faith in the navy," muttered Jacquetot.

"It is the same thing," said the First Lord.

The incident purports to be the method by which Admiral Sturdee trapped von Spee at the Falkland Islands and it reads plausibly enough. So does the trick by which Dawson, the detective, (the centre figure of the story), averts a great strike of the munition workers. Indeed, the book will no doubt find appreciative readers.

"Ladies' clothing is the grave of an enormous amount of human energy," says Sir Auckland Geddes. Then it is the grave that adds to the feminine symmetry.—London Opinion.

What Sort of Book Interests You?

It doesn't matter much
for you'll find it here.

Dillers' Book Store
10124 Jasper.

Two Latest Books

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING,

By H. G. Wells

\$1.25

CHANGING WINDS, By Ervine

\$1.60

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

MUSIC CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH INTIMACIES OF LIFE

It is rather difficult to explain in words why music bears such a close relation to the more intimate human relationships. But we know it is so. Many men and women of today think reverently of the favorite songs their mothers used to sing in the days that are now merely precious memories. Many a happy husband and wife look back to the evening in their twenties when after she had played the accompaniment to his singing of some love ballad, he had spoken of the words that led to their betrothal. Think of the records we have of a Damon and Pythias friendship existing between a great musician and his favorite pupil. Were you ever in a home where the tiny six-year-old daughter was to make her first public appearance as a member of the Sunday school choir? How everything gave way to the finishing of the new white dress, the choosing of the hair ribbon and slippers!

Illustrations are simply numberless. And so it makes one wonder why music, so closely connected with the intimacies of life, that put the human interest in stories, is not more frequently made the basis of books of fiction. The Shuttle was founded on the international marriages between American heiresses and English noblemen. The Harvester and Freckles dealt with nature study. The Riverman with lumbering. The Rose in the Ring with the circus, and Uncle Tom's Cabin with slavery.

But few books of fiction, in recent years at any rate, are based on music. It is true, in Sowing Seeds in Danny Mrs. Francis did take Pearl and Danny to a piano recital which is humorously described. A musical evening arranged by the local professor of music and attended by the citizens of Mason's Corners en masse is given a chapter in Quincy Adams Sawyer. The power of song and an interesting story surrounding a violin find place in the Frontiersman. And so one might go on.

It is left to The Rosary of recent books to base the whole story on music and that it is based on music may have some part in the popularity of that book. Those who have read The Rosary will remember that in the home of Jane Champion's aunt, music played an important part. The heroine one evening to oblige her aunt sang The Rosary for some guests. "Only those who have heard Jane sing The Rosary can possibly realize how she sang. 'I kiss each bead.' The lingering retrospection in each word breathed out a love so womanly, so beautiful, so tender that her identity was forgotten—even by those in the audience who knew her best—in the magic of her rendering of the song."

She was obliged to sing the song over again. But one guest, a friend, Garth Dalmain, thought of the singer. With the appeal of the music came the realization that he loved the one who sang. Garth told Jane of his love. She was to give him his answer the next day at the village

church where he was practicing on the organ. When she entered the church, Garth was playing Veni Creator Spiritus to Attwood's perfect setting—then he sang it as he played:

"Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come."

Garth received his answer, a bitter disappointment. He accepted his cross. Afterwards while travelling he met with an accident in which he lost his sight. This drove him to make a closer study of music and the Veni, The Rosary, The Radiant Morn, and other music is woven and interwoven all through the events of the story, until the couple are finally reconciled to each other.

The Rosary is one of the highest types of books in the fiction class published in recent years. Will there not be other authors so possessed of the deep-seated place music has in our finest feelings that they, too, will build splendid stories on that theme?

and

Notes of Some Musicians Who Will Visit Edmonton

Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist, gave a recital in Middletown, Conn., recently in the Middlesex theatre, under the auspices of the Middlesex Musical Association. The noted artist was heard in numbers by Schubert, Brahms, Chopin, Scriabine, Henselt-Godowsky. He was most cordially received and played in his accustomed masterly fashion.

Not since the Flonzaleys appeared in Sioux City, Iowa, some five years ago, have Sioux City music-lovers been afforded such a treat of chamber music as that given by the Zoellner String Quartet, who made their fourth

appearance here. The concert was under the auspices of the Women's Club. In the evening an informal dinner was given at the West Hotel to the Zoellners.

The San Carlo Opera Company appeared at the Palace theatre, Fort Wayne, Iowa, recently, in Verdi's "Aida" under the auspices of the Morning Musical Society. The cast included Stella de Mette in the name part, Manuel Salazar as Rhadames, Joseph Royer as Amonasro, Pietro de Biasi as Ramfis and Neroni Cervis as the King. Carlo Peroni conducted. The audience filled the theatre and was enthusiastic in its applause.

Saturday Morning Music For The Child

The manager of a theatre in New York recognizes the growing power of music as evidenced by his providing an orchestra of fifty musicians under the leadership of a man who has succeeded in attracting music lovers by the thousands. This conductor is now branching out into a series of Saturday morning musicals for children with the object of gathering crowds of young people, students, and even children to whom he can show the eternal beauties of an overture or the movement of a higher symphony and a nobler rhythm without being academic.

Having shown the orchestra's desire to co-operate with the city's school authorities in this which would make these Saturday morning recitals an integral part of the city educational system, the supervisor of music in the high and public schools has gone into the matter and is extremely enthusiastic over the possibilities of the plan. He is quoted in an interview as saying: "I am confident that we can inaugurate a system in which work by which the high school singing classes can come to the theatre on Saturday mornings and take advantage of the wonderful accompaniment your orchestra can give them. Later, I hope to be able to extend the same sort of instruction to the lower grades. I have in mind also a series of 'musical memory' contests in which the children of the various schools in succession will take part. They will listen to your concerts and then make individual reports on them to their several music teachers."

The series of programmes arranged embraces thirty children's recitals. At one of them, for instance, there was present the music editor of one of the daily papers, who introduced each number with brief explanatory remarks. He said to the children by way of introduction: "All good music

is founded upon good tunes. It is wrong to believe that good music has no tune to it. But if the same tune were played over and over again we would soon get sick of it. That is why good composers have taken their best tunes and added other things to them so as to bring out their beauties all the more.

"Good music is like bread and jam. The tunes are the jam, but when we have the bread with the jam we like the jam all the better when we get to it. Sometimes the bread is a little thick, and sometimes there are pieces above and below the jam, but the jam is always there somewhere. So it is with good music. We wouldn't like the tunes all by themselves, just as we wouldn't like jam all by itself."

The music editor then explained what a symphony, an overture, etc., were; told of the instruments in the orchestra; discussed rhythm, folk songs, the need of music for marching soldiers, how it was easier to work to music, the metronome and its uses and other musical subjects—all in the same plain, easy terms that characterized his introduction.

Reports say the programmes are well attended, and the children's close attention is noticeable to the most casual observer. Canadian cities would do well to watch the results of this admirable undertaking in New York, and, with that city's experience to go by, institute some similar work themselves, varied, of course, as the local needs and conditions dictate.

An Amateur's Disappointment
Mrs. Simpleton, having been a business girl, was a bit worried over the intricacies of housekeeping.

"I'm having such trouble keeping our food," she confided to her bosom friend. "I bought a real nice looking refrigerator, but it doesn't seem to work well at all."

"Do you keep ice enough in it?"
"Ice!" gasped Mrs. Simpleton. "Ice! I hope you don't think, after spending all that money on a refrigerator, we'll go to the additional expense of buying ice!"

Requests To Music

One of the ways in which men are showing that the good judgment of today is superior to what was considered good judgment a generation or two ago is in the making of their wills, more sane thinking and less petty prejudices are in evidence. When a man is leaving an estate that more than provides for his family and faithful employees, when he is looking around for some worthy cause to endow in order that the people of his town or province or country may be benefitted thereby, what better avenue can be employed than music?

It is an unusual satisfaction to hear of a gentleman who has willed \$35,000 in such a way that the interest on that amount will be devoted to the maintenance of a band whose duty it will be to render concerts at least twice a week in the city park. With a similar notice in mind a woman of some means instructed her executors to establish three scholarships in a college of music. There are music halls with large seating capacities that exist as a result of someone's desire to bring the joys and benefits of music into the lives of the masses. Such arts are worthy of every recognition and it is to be hoped that they will rapidly multiply, as we are marching into the front lines among the other musical nations.

Any man or woman who is bequeathing an amount of money to a worthwhile cause, or establishing a scholarship or otherwise commemorating the memory of some relative can assuredly help humanity by remembering the cause of music.

YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC.

How do you decide your favorite? Is it that you are so gone on something that is all the rage, you say "Such-in-such-a Rag is my favorite piece?" Perhaps you have a real bona fide favorite today and a different one tomorrow. But you could not have three hundred and sixty-five favorites every year, could you? Now if you were really cornered and had to say what was your favorite song what answer would you give?

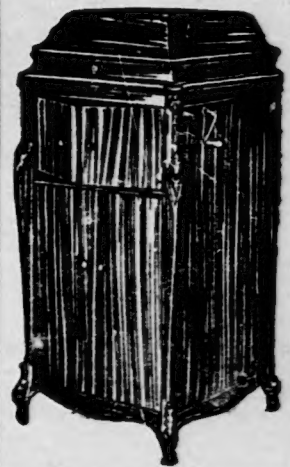
A group of young people gave their answers the other evening and this is how they were helped in their decisions. The one who put the question announced: "Suppose you were down in the heart of Africa, living there for say three years, and during that time you hadn't heard one solitary piece of music of any kind—"

"That's a crazy supposition," interrupted a rather boisterous young gentleman, "the savages everywhere have some kind of music. Take the Hawaiians, we go dippy over their dreamy waltzes."

"Well just use your imagination and suppose," returned the first speaker, "suppose you had not heard a single piece of music for three years; suppose you came home on a flying visit—while you were here you could hear just one song, one piano number, one violin number, one organ number, one choral selection, and one piece by an orchestra; when you had heard these six selections you go right back to Africa and are not to hear a single piece of music for another three years—now what would your programme 'by request' be?"

Address that question to yourself what your answer would be.

Ye Olde Firms
HEINTZMAN & CO., LTD.



ALWAYS CARRYING A COMPLETE LINE OF

Victrolas - Records

Heintzman & Co. Ltd

W. J. DAVIS, Mgr.
(Next to Johnstone Walkers)

WILLIS PIANO

"Canada's Best"

The Piano you will eventually buy, if you wish the very best.

KNABE & CO. PIANOS

The World's Best.

Call and see us or write for our Catalogue.

WILLIS SHOWROOMS

HILL & SCOTT

10028 108th Street. Phone 6445.

Associate - Music - Studios

Mason & Rich Building,
10158 Jasper Ave.

The only school in North-Western Canada devoted exclusively to music having a complete conservatory course.

Instructors of established ability. Prospectus on application.

PHONE 4717.

W. G. Grant, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO

Musical Director
Alberta College North

Organist and Choirmaster
First Presbyterian Church

ALBERTA COLLEGE
NORTH

Largest College of Music in
Western Canada

FULL CONSERVATORY
COURSES

Piano, Organ, Violin, Voice,
Theory, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo,
etc. Expression and Physical
Culture.

Phone 1464. 10041 101st St.